Cambria Freeman.

H. A. M'PIKE, Editor and Publisher. HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE. Terms, $2 per year in advance.

VOLUME 6. EBENSBURG, PA., SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1872. NUMBER 6.

SHERIFF'S SALES!—By virtue of sundry writs of *Vend. Expon., Al. Vend. Fier. Facias* and *Al. Ler. Facias* issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the *Court House in Ebensburg*, on Monday, the **4th day of March next**, at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following Real Estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of William Davis, and of Davis & Wigton, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Washington township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Mathew Cowan, Isaac Gates, F. M. Fallon, and others, containing one hundred and fifty-one acres, more or less, about twenty acres cleared, having thereon erected a two-story plank house and a log barn, now in the occupancy of William Ream. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Joseph Dunlap.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Luke Barbin, of, in and to the following described lot of ground situate in Richland township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Barbin, adjoining lands of John Durbin, and others, containing one acre in length and sixteen feet in width, and having thereon erected a one-story frame dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings, now in the occupancy of Peter H. Berg; and a two story frame house and stable in the occupancy of Andrew Hummel. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Elizabeth Evans, Executrix, and J. Waters, Executor of the last will and testament of Edward Evans, deceased.

Also, all the right, title and interest of George Singer, of, in and to the following described piece or parcel of land lying and situate in Allegheny township, Cambria county, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at an ash stump; thence south 80½ degrees, east with land of Michael Gallagher 80 perches to a post; thence south 12 perches, to a post; thence west 98½ degrees, west 98 perches along Philip Reed, to a post or line of land (late) of Adam Singer; thence north ½ degree, east 88 perches along line of land of said Wm. Weakland to the place of beginning—containing 19 acres and allowance, with the hereditaments and appurtenances. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Margaret McMullin and Alexander McMullin, Executors of Samuel McMullin, deceased.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Jas. Singer, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in the town of Johnstown borough, Cambria county, fronting feet on Main street, running back along lot of Edward Egan, on the south, 240 feet, to an alley, adjoining lot of Francis Burk on the south; and thereon erected a frame house and a one story law office, now in the occupancy of Francis J. Barberick, deceased.

Also, all the right, title and interest of R. B. Ingraham, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in the borough of Johnstown, Cambria county, fronting feet on Jackson street, on the east, running back to an alley on the south and an alley on the east, adjoining lot of Henry Zeamer on the north, having thereon erected a two-story brick house, with a one story brick kitchen attached, and a frame wood-shed and frame stable, now in the occupancy of R. B. Ingraham. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of William Carr, for use of C. B. Ellis, for use of George McLean; also, Henry Scott & Son, for use of C. B. Ellis.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Wm. Lucas, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in Johnstown township, Cambria county, fronting feet on Portage Railroad, extending back to Conrad Eger, adjoining Michael McCloskey, and thereon erected a two and a-half story plank house and frame stable, now in the occupancy of Wm. McCloskey. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Jos. Burgoon, for use of Joseph Fleming.

W. R. DONAUGH, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Feb. 12, 1872.

WIDOWS' APPRAISEMENTS.—Notice is hereby given that the following Appraisements of Real and Personal Property of decedents, selected and set apart for the widows of said decedents under the Act of Assembly of 14th April, 1851, have been filed in the Register's Office in Ebensburg and will be presented to the Orphans' Court for approval, on Monday, the *8th day of March next*, to wit:

Appraisement of the personal property of William Russell, late of Washington township, deceased, set apart for Margaret Russell, widow of decedent—$187.55.

Appraisement of certain goods and chattels set apart for the use of Elizabeth Mack, widow of Enos Mack, late of Cambria township, dec'd—$150.

Appraisement of the real estate of Frederick Kantner, late of Johnstown, Cambria county, dec'd, for the widow, under Act of 14th April, 1851, and Supplemental thereto of 27th November, 1863—$[illegible].

Inventory and Appraisement of the personal property of Mark McGuire, late of Allegheny township, deceased, set apart for the widow and family of said deceased—$287.50.

Appraisement of the real estate and personal property of Merriman Lee, late of Jackson township, deceased, set apart for Angeline Lee, widow of deceased—$157.

Inventory and Appraisement of personal property of Christian Brixner, dec'd, elected to be retained by Barbara Brixner, his widow—$227.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Clerk.

Clerk's Office, Ebensburg, Feb. 3, 1872. [10-4t.]

FINE FARM AND SUMMER RESORT FOR RENT.—The well known and admirably located property owned and occupied by the undersigned, situated in Washington township, Cambria county, on the Turnpike, one mile west of Cresson, is offered for rent on reasonable terms. The Farm and Buildings are in excellent condition, the property being in every way suited to the accommodation of city visitors during the summer months, for which purpose it is now used. MRS. ALICE SMYTH.

Cresson, Feb. 3, 1872.-6t.

HISTORY OF

The Great Fires

IN CHICAGO and the WEST by Rev. E. J. GOODSPEED, D.D., of Chicago. Only complete history. 600 pages; 60 engravings. 70,000 already sold. Price $2.50. 2000 agents made in 20 days. Profits go to sufferers. AGENTS WANTED. E. S. GOODSPEED & CO., 37 Park Row, N. York.

L. D. SINE'S GIFT ENTERPRISE

ESTABLISHED IN 1854.

Principal Office 101 W. Fifth St., Cincinnati, O.

The only RELIABLE GIFT DISTRIBUTION in the country.

$100,000.00

IN VALUABLE GIFTS!

TO BE DISTRIBUTED IN

L. D. SINE'S

37th SEMI-ANNUAL

Gift Enterprise!

To be drawn Monday, **March 25th, 1872.**

One Grand Capital Prize of

$10,000 IN GOLD!

ONE PRIZE $5,000 IN SILVER!

Five Prizes $1,000 Each
Five Prizes $500 Each
Ten Prizes $100 Each

GREENBACKS.

Two Family Carriages and Matched Horses with Silver-Mounted Harness, worth $1,500.

Two *Horses & Buggies, with Silver-Mounted Harness, worth $600 each.*

TWO Fine-Toned Rosewood Pianos, worth $500 each.

TEN FAMILY SEWING MACHINES, worth $100 EACH!

1500 *Gold and Silver Lever Hunting Watches, worth from $20 to $300 each!*

Ladies' Gold Leontine and Gent's Gold Vest Chains, Gold and Double-Plated Silver Table and Teaspoons, Photograph Albums, Jewelry, &c., &c., &c.

Whole number Gifts, 10,000. Tickets Limited to 50,000!

AGENTS WANTED to Sell Tickets, to whom Liberal Premiums will be given.

SINGLE TICKETS $2; SIX TICKETS $10; TWELVE TICKETS $20; TWENTY-FIVE TICKETS $40.

Circulars containing a full list of prizes, a description of the manner of drawing, and other information in reference to the Distribution, will be sent to any one ordering them. All letters must be addressed to

OFFICE, L. D. SINE, Box 86,
101 W. 5th St., CINCINNATI, O.

LIST OF CAUSES set down for trial at a Court of Common Pleas to be held at Ebensburg, for Cambria county, commencing on MONDAY, the *4th day of March*, A. D. 1872:

FIRST WEEK.

Leiber & Son	vs. Linton & Son.
Nutter	vs. Johnston.
Apple	vs. Burdine.
McVicker	vs. Jones.
Apple	vs. Eakin.
Miller	vs. Apple.
Patterson & Co. *to use of*	vs. Rose *et. al.*
McQuillen	vs. Kane.
Dunogan	vs. McGough.
McFarlan	vs. Apple.
Kline	vs. Leidon.
Todd	vs. Christy.

SECOND WEEK.

Edwards, for use	vs. Young, feigned issue.
Gates	vs. Wolf & Wolshour.
Emerg'ncy Bridge Co.	vs. John Phillips.
Humphreys	vs. Flynns.
Thomas	vs. Yates.
McConnell	vs. Williams *et al.*
Bell	vs. Swires.
Wike, Executor	vs. Cooper.
Wilmore & Barrows	vs. Epps & Lloyd.
Mayer & Morgan	vs. Mills & Brothers.
Rose	vs. Wingart *et al.*
Rose	vs. Wingart *et al.*
Wier	vs. Harris.
Rudebaugh	vs. Jeffreys.
Mellorkey *et ux.*	vs. Johnson *et ux.*
Barker & Son	vs. McCance & Kline.
Miller	vs. Flick.
Riehan	vs. Stymer & Porter.
Goldsmith Brother	vs. Moses.
Potts	vs. Boro' of Johnstown.
Wehn's use	vs. Kelly.
Seibert's use	vs. Flanagan.
Yeagley	vs. Dibert.
Collis	vs. Kline & Chardon.
McKenzie	vs. Krise.

J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.

Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Feb. 5, 1872.

REGISTER'S NOTICE!—Notice is hereby given that the following Accounts have been passed and filed in the Register's Office at Ebensburg, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, for confirmation and allowance, on *Wednesday*, the *6th day of March next*, to wit:

The second and final account of John E. Seese Administrator of the estate of Susannah Reum, late of Richland twp., Cambria county, dec'd.

The final account of Isabella Walters, formerly Isabella Murary, Administratrix of Jos. McGary, late of Cambria county, deceased.

The second account of Peter Strittmatter, Executor of Magdalen, Barbara, Philip, Ann and Margaret Weakland, minor children of Peter Weible, late of Carroll township, deceased.

The first and final account of [illegible] Hughes, formerly Reese, Administratrix of Evan Hughes, late of Ebensburg, dec'd.

The first and partial account of Jesse H. Dimond, Executor of Charity Dimond, late of Munster township, deceased.

The first account of H. J. Crouse, Guardian of Ann Maria Clark, late Ann Maria Crouse.

The first account of Francis A. Buck, Guardian of the minor children of Jerome Buck and Mary Buck, late of Carroll township, deceased.

The second and final account of Catharine Bloch, Administratrix of the estate of Christian Bloch, late of Allegheny township, deceased.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Register.

Register's Office, Ebensburg, Feb. 3, 1872.-10-4t.

LICENSE NOTICE.—The following named persons have filed Petitions for Tavern and Eating House Licenses in the Court of Quarter Sessions of Cambria county, for the ensuing March Term of Court:

Tavern Licenses—John B. Hite, Blacklick tp.; Baiser Heffrick, Geo. Crook, Thos. Ott, Chest tp.; Peter Lantzy, Carroll tp.; Edw'd L. Bender, John W. Shurbaugh, Dominic Egar, Carrolltown bor.; Michael Barnicle, Clearfield twp.; Peter Brown, Frank Kurtz, M. Gates, Croyle twp.; Henry Foster, John A. Blair, west ward, Ebensburg bor.; Anthony M'Hugh, Gallitzin twp.; James Convery, Loretto bor.; Valentine Maltzie, Geo. Wenderoth, Jos. Horner, Wilmore bor.; Henry Martz, Mrs. Annie Murphy, Otho Helie, J. S. Kiel, R. McGough, Washington tp.; Peter W. Helfrich, Susquehanna tp.

Eating House Licenses—Paul Elig, Carrolltown borough; Wm. Flynn, Washington twp.

J. K. HITE, Clerk.

Clerk Q. S.'s Office, Ebensburg, Feb. 3, 1872.

CHERRYTREE MALE AND FEMALE COLLEGE.—This popular Institution will open for the summer session on the first Monday of May, 1872, under the instruction of a corps of competent teachers, in the College buildings in the pleasant village of Cherrytree, Indiana county, Penna. Course of instruction thorough, vocal and instrumental music included. Good boarding furnished at from $2.50 to $3.50 per week. For further information apply to either of the undersigned

DIRECTORS.

Hon. R. H. M'Cormick, H. B. Kinports, John Eason, Cherrytree, Feb. 3, 1872.-3m. | Dr. E. Beallier, Dr. A. R. Lovelace.

T. D. CASEY, late of Robert Woods & Co.
JAMES CASEY..... T. C. FOGARTY.

CASEY, FOGARTY & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

MONONGAHELA & OLD RYE WHISKY,

AND ALL KINDS OF

DOMESTIC LIQUORS,

AND IMPORTERS OF

Foreign Wines, Gins, Brandies, &c.,

No. 315 Liberty Street,

Dec. 16, 1871.-3m. PITTSBURGH, PA.

BRICK FOR SALE.—Good Brick can be purchased at reasonable rates from the undersigned. JOHN McMULLIN.

[2-3.-6t.] Near Catholic Church, Ebensburg.

AUNT TABITHA.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Whatever I do and whatever I say,
Aunt Tabitha tells me that isn't the way;
When she was a girl (forty summers ago)
Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear aunt! if I only would take her advice!
But I like my own way, and I find it so nice;
And besides, I forget half the things I am told;
But they all will come back to me—when I am old.

If a youth passes by, it may happen, no doubt,
He may chance to look in as I chance to look out;
She would never endure an impertinent stare—
It is horrid, she says, and I musn't sit there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasures, I own,
But it isn't quite safe to be walking alone:
So I take a lad's arm, just for safety, you know,
But Aunt Tabitha tells me they didn't do so.

How wicked we are, and how good they were then!
They kept at arm's length those detestable men;
What an era of virtue she lived in! But stay—
Were the men all such rogues in Aunt Tabitha's day?

If the men were so wicked, I'll ask my papa
How he dared to propose to my darling mamma;
Was he like the rest of them? Goodness! Who knows?
And what shall I say if a wretch should propose?

I am thinking if aunt knew so little of sin,
What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's aunt must have been?
And her grand-aunt—it scares me—how shockingly sad
That we girls of to-day are so frightfully bad!

A martyr will save us, and nothing else can;
Let me perish—to rescue some wretched young man!
Though when to the altar a victim I go,
Aunt Tabitha 'll tell me she never did so!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

THE DIVER'S STORY.

Few readers, perhaps, have ever seen the name of Simon Weaver in print, and fewer still would know who the man was should it be seen.

Divers, as a class, and in spite of all the safeguards afforded them by modern science, pass a most precarious existence, and each time a descent is made, be the water deep or shallow, the practiced diver feels that perhaps his last glimpse of sun, sky and friends has been taken. Those of the most experience feel this the more keenly.

One night while the snow drove like hail against the only window in the house, facing the sea, I found myself one of a party of divers, wreckers and contractors for such work.

I had asked many questions of the several talkers forming the circle as to the life, incidents and dangers of the profession, when Captain Stephen L——, an old gray-beard among divers and such ilk, nudged me, and whispered that if I could get old Simon Weaver into the talking humor, my desire for stirring incidents would be fully gratified.

Cautiously approaching the subject of personal adventure under water, for Weaver proved a little shy, by a few well-timed questions, I succeeded in "bringing him out" to my entire satisfaction.

As I write the words of the old man, I seem to see the earnest glance, the erect figure, and the almost snow-white head shaking and nodding as the memory of his exploits came before his mind.

Taking a fresh attitude in his chair, and casting his eyes from one to the other of us "boys," as he called the younger members of the party, the old diver began:

"Few of our officers on duty off Charleston in 186—, will forget when the news came out to the wooden fleet that a monitor had been partially disabled, and that until something could be done her situation was extremely critical. She lay quite near the batteries, and, as though divining her danger, their guns were plunging their shot and shell against her with the fiercest energy.

"It was soon known that a diver would be called into requisition to do the work under water, while the guns of Sumter bade fair to demolish the whole ship in a few hours.

"Being the most experienced of the diving corps on duty at that time, the admiral sent for me without delay, and, laying the difficulty before me, asked if I would undertake the job. By a few judiciously put questions I was soon placed in possession of all the facts, the work to be done, and the results to be expected from success.

"The propeller of the vessel had been fouled by some of the numerous obstructions set afloat by the enemy, and not wishing to endanger any other vessel in the same manner, the admiral desired to send me alongside in a steam picket boat with my best diving gear, and try to make a successful descent.

"In due time we, that is, myself and four more whom I could trust under all peril, arrived at the place of operations. And now, before going further with my story, let me try to give an idea of the situation, and its cause. A vessel had been sent to reconnoiter, and, if necessary, to fire on the batteries to ascertain their force and strength.

"Proceeding cautiously until within a few hundred yards of Sumter, she had unconsciously drifted too close to the line of obstructions defending the entrance to the harbor, and in turning to come out, her propeller, as I said before, had become entangled in ropes and chains. All efforts to release the ship from her perilous position had failed, hence the call for a diver. Immediately perceiving the state of affairs, no hard task, the enemy had opened a fearful fire from all guns within range on the single craft, and seemed bent on her destruction before assistance could reach her.

"The shot fell fast and furious against the iron of her turret and side armor, while the water on all sides fairly boiled from the frequent shot striking its surface. It seemed a veritable iron hail.

"As our little picket boat approached the scene of conflict, the firing suddenly ceased, and we were fortunate enough to get below with the apparatus before the storm again burst over the trembling ship. The cause of this apparent kindness was made known to us the following day by a deserter from Fort Sumter.

"As the picket steamer approached the monitor, the enemy imagined that a message from the Yankee commander was about to be received, looking to an armistice or surrender, so slackened fire. After waiting a few moments, and the expected flag of truce not making its appearance, the enemy saw that somehow they had been outwitted, and the shower of shot and shell seemed to increase in fierceness as they reopened fire.

"In a short time I saw how matters stood, and succeeded in finding a place on the lee side of the turret, where, if the ship could be kept in one position, no shot could reach me. Carefully instructing my men as to their duties, I at length got my ladder overboard on the safe side, and made it fast in such a manner that should the wind change or rise during my absence under water, my means of escape should not be entirely cut off. Leading my air pipe up through one of the ports, I secured them to my helmet, and requested that all firing from the ship be suspended during my absence, for experience had taught me the danger of a heavy discharge directly overhead of a diver.

"The position of the turret favored my request, and placing its back to the enemy enabled me to use the gun port as I have described. As my life would hang upon a thread at best, I made every arrangement for safety that experience could suggest, even going myself into the engine room and enjoining upon the engineer of the watch not to allow the engines to be started upon any consideration until my return from the perilous undertaking, the success or failure of which assured the safety or loss of the vessel. The pump for supplying me with air was fixed in the turret chamber, and as the fragments of shot, which still poured in from Sumter, might cut the air tube as it crossed the deck, I had arranged a stout iron pipe as a sheath, and discarded entirely the usual signal line.

"All being in readiness, after personally inspecting all of the apparatus, I cautiously made my way to the ladder, and having fixed my helmet firmly in its place, and secured my kit of tools, hammer, saw, chisels, etc., to the strong belt attached for that purpose, began my slow descent.

"Fortunately, the water was quite clear and free from mud, so I had no difficulty in seeing everything with perfect distinctness. Gradually nearing the bottom, for the depth of water exceeded the draught of vessels of less than four feet, I became aware of a strong current setting me against the ship, which, while lessening the fear of being swept out of reach of my ladder, rendered working more difficult. As usual, my progress was attended by numbers of curious fish, and as I neared the bottom one or two huge fellows passed close by, but seemed intent on other prey, leaving me in peace.

"Once or twice I was somewhat startled by a heavy splash overhead, and a dull thud, followed by the rapid descent of a shot or shell within easy view, and as it would settle into the soft, oozy bottom, a tiny cloud of mud would for a moment obscure it from view. I felt a constant fear from these oft recurring clouds, lest some of them might be the spluttering fuse of an unexploded shell.

"Although an old hand at the diving business, it had never before been my fortune to operate in action, so I was not a little anxious, as you may imagine, as to the effect of a shell exploding on the bottom. I was not long waiting, and found out to my entire satisfaction, as I will presently tell you.

"Well, at length I reached bottom, and slowly trod my way along the bends of the ship to the base of operations, the disabled screw, sometimes stepping on rusty shot, and once I nearly tripped over the stock of some old rustworn anchor. But being fifteen or sixteen feet below the surface, I had no difficulty in perceiving the trouble with the propeller, which was this: a piece of chain attached to the floating obstructions had become so wound about the propeller shaft, between the blades and the sternpost, as to become perfectly rigid.

"My tools being prepared for just such work, I began operations at once, and soon had two or three of the links, which were quite small, severed, and as I afterwards learned, released the strain so suddenly that the engine gave one quick, short, partial revolution, 'on a vacuum,' one of the engineer told me afterward, and one of the blades striking my expiration tube, threw me from my feet, and for a moment it seemed that my fate was sealed.

"The screw stopped as suddenly as it had started, and somehow I struggled to my feet again. Seeing but a few more strokes were needed to complete my job, I soon had the good old ship in fighting trim again, so far at least as her propeller was concerned.

"Being now at liberty to return, I cautiously retraced my steps to where the ladder hung idly swinging to and fro in the water, and was about to mount to the surface, when with a crash and a roar of ten thousand shots, a big shell fell apparently right over my head, and after what seemed but the fraction of a second, settled, as I thought, directly upon me.—Passing but a few feet distant, it had scarcely reached the bottom when the very earth and sea seemed shattered to atoms.

"The shell had exploded almost beside me! By some means the hooks provided in the breast of my armor had become fastened to a rung of my ladder, else this tale had never been told. Stunned and racked as I was, the instinct of self-preservation urged me to attempt the ascent of my only road to safety, the ladder, when, to my horror, the current began swaying me back and forth in such a manner that I found it impossible to do aught but hold on and trust to the chapter of accidents for relief.

"In an instant after I became aware of the current, a dull, regular beat, united to a seeming tremor of the ship convinced me that the ship, was under way and probably steaming out to the fleet. A glimpse at the bottom assured me of this, as I could plainly see it gliding past until the shoal deepened, and nothing could be seen underneath me but water. Imagine my situation, you youngsters, who think you have seen danger—towed to sea under a monitor.

"The motion rapidly grew more violent and had it not been for the hooks I have spoken of, death would have been inevitable, for my strength would not have enabled me to retain my hold on the ladder, and I should have drowned, my body weighed down by armor beyond recovery.

"All of this time, in reality minutes, but seemingly hours, my faithful men within the turret chamber had not ceased to give me a plentiful supply of air, so my only danger lay in being swept away.—After what seemed miles of ground passed over, and hours of time, the beat of the engine grew gradually slower, then stopped, and no sooner did I feel the pressure of the current relax, than I prepared to make the best of way to the surface.

"I remember no more. A deadly faint seized me, and for hours I lay without life, vibrating between this world and the one beyond. Returning senses revealed my four men around me, on the ward-room table, doing their utmost in my behalf, and only gave way to the surgeon when a heavy groan and slowly opening eyes told that my life was safe.

"I speedily recovered, and for the first time learned the details of my great peril and marvellous escape.

"Immediately on the strain being taken off of the propeller by the chains being cut, the engine gave the quick partial revolution which I have mentioned, and the engineer, as in duty bound, of course reported that the disability to the machinery being removed he was ready to go ahead at any moment.

"It was but a few minutes after this that the tide began to flow, causing the current I have spoken of, and the devoted vessel bade fair to be again drifted among the dreaded obstructions and still nearer to Sumter, whose guns never ceased their roar all this time.

"Captain ——, to prevent this threatened catastrophe, and feeling certain that I was clear of danger from the propeller, determined to go ahead a short distance to clear all danger from the obstructions, and then to await my return to the surface before proceeding farther.

"Carefully watching the air pipe leading overboard, the engines were started slowly, and as the ship gathered headway, and the pipe remained without visible strain, it was concluded that my ascent had begun, as in truth was the fact; so instead of coming to after steaming a short distance, the ship was headed for the fleet, and only came to anchor when within hail of the flagship. The rest I have told you.

"As one result of that day's work, I was sent home on the sick list, and from that day to this, young man," turning to me as he spoke, "I have never once been inside a diver's dress and never intend to be again."

As the old man approached the conclusion, he grew quite excited, as indeed had his listeners, and as the tones of his voice died away, the wind outside gathering fresh fury, seemed to shake the old house to its very foundation.

"CLERK," said a tall Kentuckian to a hotel official, "this young lady and me have eloped. Have you any marryin' facilities 'round here?"

The clerk applied in the affirmative, and the two were "spliced" in less than an hour. The bridegroom was evidently not yet satisfied, and lingered around the hotel book.

"Clerk," said he confidentially, at length, "hadn't you better change the register, and give us one room now we're married?"

"It's already done," replied the clerk "You're marked for the same room."

"Well, clerk," replied the Kentuckian quickly, "won't you show me up then, for I'm *awful sleepy.*"

A STOREKEEPER at Quincy, Ill., possessing a pup that habitually upset the paint cans in the rear end of the store, rubbed the dog's nose in the spilled paint as a reminder that he must not do so again. Last week the animal again spilled the paint, and, observing that his master was engaged in waiting on a customer, the docile pup rubbed his own nose in the mixture and ran howling out the back way.

A NEW IDEA.

The Patent Office Report of the Future.

BY MAX ADELER.

We take the following from the Washington Capital: "My idea is this: The Government is compelled to pay, every year, enormous sums of money for the publication of quantities of Patent Office reports, which are a mere curse to the country after they are distributed. Nobody ever did read one clear through.—Any man who would rise up and say that he had perused one of these volumes, from beginning to end, would be regarded by the community as a person who ought not to be at large. Now I propose to take out a contract for writing up those reports, and to perform the work in an original manner; in a manner, I may say, which will make them, perhaps, the most painfully interesting volumes published under the authority of the United States Government. My plan is to take the material that comes to hand every year and work it up into a continuous story, which could be filled in with tragedy, and sentiment, and humor.

For instance, if a man come prowling around the Patent Office with an improvement in hay rakes, I should name that man Alphonso, and start him off in the story as an abandoned villain. Alphonso lying in wait, as it were, behind a dark corner, for the purpose of stabbing his rival to the heart with that improved hay rake. And then the hero could be a man, suppose we say, who desired an extension of a patent on accordeons. I should call such a person Lucullus, and plant him, with a working model of that accordeon, under the window of the boarding house where the heroine Amelia, who would be a woman who had applied for a patent on a new kind of red flannel frills, lay sleeping under the soothing influences of the tunes squeezed from the accordeon of Lucullus.

In the midst of the serenade, let us suppose, in comes a man who has just got out some extraordinary kind of a tooth brush about which he wants to interview the head of the department. I should make this being Amelia's heavy father and call him Smith, because that name is full of poetry and sweetness and wild, unearthly music, and sounds well in a novel. How would it do then, while Lucullus was mashing out his most delicious sound, to make Alphonso rush on Smith, with his hay rake, thinking he was Lucullus; and in the fight which would perhaps ensue to blow out Alphonso's brains somehow on the spot by a single discharge, we might assume, of Smith's extraordinary tooth brush, while Lucullus could be arrested upon the suit of the composer who has a copyright on the tune with which he solaced Amelia?

If any ingenious undertaker should haunt the Patent Office at this crisis of the story with a species of new-fangled metallic coffin, I might lay Alphonso away comfortably in one of them and have a funeral, or I might add a thrill of interest to the narrative by resuscitating him with a bottle of hair vigor or pills, in case any benefactor of the race should call to secure his right as the sole manufacturer of such articles. In the meantime Lucullus, languishing in jail, could very readily burst his fetters and regain his liberty, providing some man of inventive talent called on the Commissioner to take out searches, say on some kind duplex cliptic monkey wrench. Or if no such person turned up I could arrange it, I think, so that Lucullus could rip up the floor of that dungeon and tear up several acres of territory around the neighborhood with a subsoil plow. Anyhow, I would get him out if I had to smash the entire penitentiary into vulgar fractions with one variety or another of coal oil.

Then it seems to me, that the interest of the story would be sustained, and a few more machines of various kinds could be worked in, if, for instance, I might cause this escaped convict of mine to ascertain that the musical composer had won the heart of that fair young thing, Amelia, in the absence of her lover, by offering to bring her flannel frills into market, and to allow her a royalty, we will assume, of ten cents a frill. When Lucullus hears of this I should induce him to obtain the influence of Amelia's parents in his behalf by propitiating old Mr. Smith, we might, I think, presume, with the latest variety of bunion plasters for which a patent was wanted, while the implicable animosity of Mrs. Smith could be appeased, I should conjecture, either with a gingham umbrella with an improvement of six or seven ribs, or else a lot of galvanized gum rings, if any inventor brought such things around, for her grandschildren.

How would it answer, then, for the sake of breaking the monotony of these lovers' intrigues, to cram in a little more of the revivified Alphonso? Because I could very readily fill the heart of that reanimated corpse with baffled rage, and cause him to sell to old Smith one of the Gunns—we will say Gunns, because this is a hypothetical case—one of Gunns' improved hydraulic rams. Old Smith, I am sure, upon reflection, could be depicted as an infatuated being, who placed that ram down in the meadow, and caused it to force water up to his house. And Alphonso, of course, with malignant hatred in his soul, would meddle with the machine, and fumble around until he spoiled it, so that Smith could not stop it, and it would continue to pump until the Smiths had a cascade flowing from their attic window, while Mrs. Smith, in her despair, could impale herself on a variety of reversing toasting fork, and die mingling the inventor's name with maledictions and groans, while Smith, in the anguish of his soul, could live in the barn, from whence he could use an ingenious kind of breech-loading gun—patent applied for—to bombard artists who come around to sketch the falls.

In the meantime Lucullus might come to the rescue with a suction pump, and save the Smith mansion only to find that Amelia had flown with the composer, and has gone to sea in a ship with a patent copper bottom, and a kind of a binnacle for which an extension has been granted by Congress on the 29th of February—It would then be judicious, perhaps, to have that copper bottomed ship attacked by pirates as the lovers sailed softly o'er the summer seas, and after a bloody hand-to-hand contest, in which the composer could sink the pirate craft with the model gun powder pile driver, which he has in the cabin, the enraged corsairs should swarm upon the deck of the other ship for the purpose of putting the whole party to the sword. But of course at this painful crisis it would be singularly judicious, I do not doubt, to cause it to turn out that the chief pirate is our old friend Alphonso, who had sold out his interest in his hay rake, discontinued his speculations in hydraulic rams, and become a rover on the seas.

The composer it would seem would then be in a particularly tight place; and if the Commissioner of Patents had any romance in his soul, he would permit me to cause that pirate to toss the musician overboard. Amelia would then tear herself from the pirate's loathsome embrace and plunge in after him. The two would float ashore on a life-raft, if any applications of that kind happened to be presented to the department; and if none were made, I should drift them off on some kind of a gum thing or other. Then, when they got to land, Amelia would shiver with cold until her jaws rattled and the painful truth would be disclosed to her lover that she wore teeth that were attached to one of the gutta percha plates about which there was controversy in the courts.

Then, if we seemed to be approaching the end of the report I incline to think that I would cause the composer to shriek 'False! 'False!' or to use some exciting language like that, and to tear out his hair and wring his nose and fly off with a broken heart and a blasted life to join the pirate and to play melancholy airs in a minor key, expressive of delusive dreams, forever and forever, upon some kind of a double barreled flute with a copyright on it.

Amelia very likely might go disconsolate, let us presume, to her home, where Lucullus could be compelled to display an unconquerable affection which disdained to bother about Amelia's teeth, And so he could clasp her to his breast. I should judge, and press her up against his patent buttons, if any were presented at the office, while old Smith might be jammed into the story once more for the purpose of getting a paternal blessing out of him. I should then marry them happily, and on the day of the wedding have them hear that that disgraceful buccaneer Alphonso had been blown into eternity while attempting to fix a newly invented steam valve on his donkey engine.

Thus, you see, even the prosaic material of which the Patent Office reports are constructed could be made to yield entertainment and instruction, and afford a basis of succulent and suggestive fact for a superstructure of pathetic and blood curdling fiction. The advantages of adopting such a method in constructing these documents would be especially marked in the case of Congressmen. The member who now sends a Patent Office Report to one of his constituents is regarded by that man as a kind of moral ruin who ought to be put in some place where it would be impossible for him to destroy the happiness and poison the peace of unoffending families. But when I begin to fix up those reports, to throw over them the glamour of my fancy, to spread around them the halo of my imagination, to adorn them with my graceful rhetoric, and to give a certain intense human interest, I may say, to all the hay rakes and gum rings and suction pumps which fill the leaden pages, these reports will be sought after; their tone will be changed; entire orphan asylums will cry for them; Sunday Schools will offer them as rewards and abolish the cards which inform wicked and thoughtless children that "I Am Late," and the intelligent American voter whose mind craves healthy literature will elect the man who sends him the greatest number of copies.

TWO NEWS BOYS, says the Commercial Bulletin, were standing before a cigar store, when one asked the other, "Have you got three cents?" "Yes." "Well, I've got two cents; give me your three and I'll buy a five center." "All right," says No 2, handing out the money.—No. 1 enters the store, procures the cigar, lights it, and puffs with a great deal of satisfaction. "Come, now, give us a pull," says No. 2; "I furnished more than half the money." "I know that," says the smoker; "but then I'm president, and being only a stock holder you can—"

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

Saturday Morning, : : March 2, 1872.

Democratic State Convention.

Pursuant to a resolution of the Democratic State Executive Committee this day adopted, a Democratic State Convention in numbers equal to the representation in both houses of the Legislature, is hereby called to meet in Reading, Pa., on Thursday, May 30th, 1872, at 11 o'clock A. M., to nominate candidates for Governor, Judge of the Supreme Court, and (should the Legislature so determine) for Auditor General and delegates at large to the Constitutional Convention, and also to form an electoral ticket and select senatorial and representative delegates to represent the State in the Democratic National Convention.

By order of the Executive Committee.

WILLIAM A. WALLACE, *Chairman.*

Attest—WM. M'CLELLAND, *Secretary.*

Harrisburg, Feb. 15, 1872.

The Columbus Conventions.

The National Labor Reform Convention met at Columbus, Ohio, on last Wednesday week, delegates from eighteen States being present. On the following day, an elaborate platform was adopted, and DAVID DAVIS, of Illinois, was nominated for President, and JOEL PARKER, of New Jersey, for Vice President. Mr. DAVIS is a native of Maryland, and is fifty-seven years of age. Removing to Illinois in 1835, he settled at Bloomington and commenced practicing law. In 1848 he was elected Judge of the Eighth Judicial District, and was re-elected in 1855, and again in 1861. He had long been an intimate personal friend of Mr. Lincoln and in 1862 the latter appointed him to the office of Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, which position he still holds. Mr. Lincoln also appointed him his executor, and his estate was settled by Judge DAVIS. At the time of his appointment to the Supreme Bench he was an avowed Republican, but of late years his tendencies have been decidedly conservative. He is a man of distinguished ability as a judge and personally is above reproach. He is opposed to Grant and all his works.

JOEL PARKER, the nominee for Vice President, is the present Governor of New Jersey—a prominent and consistent democrat whose public history is well known throughout the country.

It is too soon yet to judge of the strength of this movement, or of its ultimate effects upon the two great political parties of the country. It will readily be conceded, however, that the convention was exceedingly fortunate in selecting as its candidates two gentlemen of such acknowledged ability and unblemished reputation as DAVID DAVIS and JOEL PARKER. Judge DAVIS accepted the nomination on the day on which it was made, by transmitting to the President of the convention the following dispatch:

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22.

E. M. Chamberlain, President of the National Labor Reform Convention:

Be pleased to thank the Convention for the unexpected honor which they have conferred upon me. The Chief Magistracy of the Republic should neither be sought nor declined by an American citizen.

DAVID DAVIS.

On the same day and at the same place, the National Temperance Convention, composed of 194 delegates, from nine States, assembled and nominated JAMES BLACK, of Pennsylvania, for President, and JOHN RUSSELL, of Michigan, for Vice President. Mr. BLACK is a resident of Lancaster, in this State, is a gentleman of character and respectable attainments, and has long been an active and prominent advocate of the cause of temperance.

All eyes will now be turned to the liberal republican and anti-Grant convention, which will meet at Cincinnati on the first Monday in May. The deliberations and action of that body will in our judgment settle the question of the next Presidency.

AT the late radical State Convention of South Carolina, composed of carpet-baggers, public plunderers, and office-holders, the following resolution among others was adopted:

"*Resolved*, By the Union Republican party of the State of South Carolina, in Convention assembled, that we endorse the administration of President U. S. Grant, in its wise and successful financial policy, which has reduced the national debt, while lessening the public taxes, and at the same time preserved full faith with the public creditors."

Whereupon, Horace Greeley expresses his opinion of the men who have been robbing and plundering the people of South Carolina, and who procured the adoption of said resolution, in the following vigorous style:

"Considering how these rascals have sold themselves to measureless infamy over and over by stealing their poor State poorer than she ever was before, quadrupling her expenses, doubling her debt, and trebling her taxes, this resolve strikes us as the Chimborazo of imposture and villainy."

A PROPER LAW.—A bill has passed the lower house of the Legislature requiring all costs to be paid upon taking an appeal from a judgment entered by a Justice of the Peace. This is certainly a wholesome law and gives the Justices, Constables and witnesses the costs to which they are entitled, instead of to somebody else. Thousands of dollars have been lost under the old system. The following is the bill in question:

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted, &c.* That before any appeal shall hereafter be taken from the judgment of a justice of the peace, the party appellant, his agent or attorney, shall make oath or affirmation before the justice that it is not for the purpose of delay such appeal is entered, but because he firmly believes injustice has been done, and that the justice shall enter said oath or affirmation upon his docket: *Provided*, That whenever the appellant makes an affidavit that he is unable to pay the costs, he shall be allowed to appeal without paying costs: *And provided further*, That the provisions of this bill shall not apply to the city of Philadelphia.

THE M'Clure-Gray committee to investigate the alleged election frauds in the Fourth Senatorial district, met at the Washington House in Philadelphia, on last Monday and commenced the examination of witnesses. Mr. Buckalow is chairman of the committee.

The M'Clure-Gray Committee.

The Senate Committee which was selected last week to try the petition of A. K. M'Clure, contesting the election of Henry W. Gray in the Fourth Senatorial district, consists of Messrs. Buckalew, Davis, (of Berks,) Dill, and Brodhead, democrats, and Messrs. White, Mumma, and Fitch, republicans. The democrats in the game of *chance* which was played in selecting the *seventh* member of the committee having been successful, it suits the partisan purposes of radicalism to declare that for that reason alone Gray will be turned out of his seat and M'Clure admitted.

If this were a contest before the radical Committee on Elections in Congress, in which a defeated radical candidate sought to oust the sitting member, a democrat, from his seat, the almost uniform action of that committee for the last five years would foreshadow such a result; but it is a foul imputation on the official integrity and sense of justice of the majority of the Senate committee thus to impugn their motives in advance and to charge them with having prejudged the case from considerations of a mere political character. If the four democratic Senators who compose the majority of the committee were men of the same loose and elastic political morals as Harry White, then it might be said with some propriety that injustice would at least be attempted, for the past career of the *distinguished* Senator from Indiana affords abundant proof that he possesses a mind capacious for such work. But we do not anticipate any such unfair and one-sided results. The contest is between two republicans, and who so fit to investigate the facts and decide on the merits of the controversy as a committee the majority of which is composed of honest, high-minded and intelligent democrats. The whole case is in a nutshell, and the question to be determined easily solved.

No man who knows A. K. M'Clure will charge him with being a fool. He has assumed the responsibility of presenting to the Senate his petition, in legal form, in which he declares that at the recent election in the Fourth District, by reason of gross and palpable frauds on the ballot-box, all of which we presume he distinctly specifies and sets forth in his petition, he was cheated and defrauded out of his right to a seat in the Senate to which a majority of the qualified voters of the district had elected him, and that the same is now illegally, wrongfully and unjustly held by Henry W. Gray. This is his allegation, and if the proof which he lays before the committee sustains it, then the committee will have a plain and simple duty to perform, and that will be to report that he is entitled to his seat. But suppose that M'Clure fails to make his assertions good—fails to show that frauds enough were committed to invalidate and destroy Gray's election—is it to be supposed for one moment that the democratic members of the committee will stultify themselves and wilfully incur public odium and contempt by endorsing his ill founded claims and reporting in his favor?

The republican press of Philadelphia has created the impression over the whole State that Gray was elected by the perpetration of the most villainous frauds. The contestant, M'Clure, rests his case on the same allegation, so that the people have become firmly impressed with the belief that what has been so persistently asserted by the papers and himself is really true and can be proven to be so. If, therefore, in view of all these deliberate and confident allegations, it should turn out, after a full and searching investigation, that where there was so much smoke there had been no fire, and A. K. M'Clure should fail in making out his case, great will be his fall. The Senate, after prolonged vexation and delay, has placed in his hands the remedy he sought, and if disastrous failure on his part should be the result, common consent will assign him a place on the list of broken-down and retired politicians.

Let the blow fall where it may, the people demand at the hands of the committee a patient and thorough investigation of the allegations contained in the petition, and we have no doubt that complete justice will be done in the premises.

STICK A PIN HERE!—The following items will be of interest to those who believe that only under Radical administration is economy practiced and our treasuries safe from the depredations of dishonest officials:

Montgomery county, Democratic. County debt, $26,486.15; had not $40,000 been paid the past year on account of a new Alms House, the county would now be out of debt, and have money in her treasury.

Berks county, Democratic, out of debt.

Bucks county, Democratic, out of debt, and a snug sum in her treasury.

Chester county, intensely Radical. County debt nearly six hundred thousand dollars.

Delaware county, Radical. County debt, $423,071.19.

Northampton county, Democratic. County debt, $57,345. A number of iron bridges have been built in Northampton during the past year, and she has first-class public buildings. Her debt was reduced $27,294.55 during 1871, for which her citizens owe thanks to the wise and economical management of Democratic Commissioners.

Philadelphia, Radical. Debt between fifty and sixty millions of dollars, with fine prospects of a large increase during the coming year.

GEORGE O. EVANS informed the committee appointed to investigate his case, that ill health would prevent him from appearing before it at Harrisburg, and requested the committee to come to Philadelphia last Monday and take his testimony. The committee went, but when Evans was sent for, it was discovered that he had fled to his original place of refuge—New York. The chairman of the committee, Mr. Graham, then made application to the Senate for process to arrest him, which was granted. As the rapidity of this writ of arrest will not be recognized in New York, the committee will have to wait patiently until it suits George to put in an appearance—an event which is not likely very soon to happen.

Letter from Ireland--No. 15.

[Correspondence of Cambria Freeman.]

KILLARNEY, Feb. 12, 1872.

DEAR MAC—I believe I told you in my last that I was about taking leave of the magnificent city of Dublin and its polite and polished people, and wending my way to the old Spanish-looking city of Galway. Before I left the former city I was fortunate in meeting a very agreeable and accomplished acquaintance, to whom I am indebted for many interesting items connected with the North of Ireland. The only point I will touch on now, of the places that I have not seen, will be

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY,

in Antrim county. This remarkable Causeway consists of many hundred thousands of columns, irregularly arranged, and formed of dark rocks, almost as hard as granite. The most of them are of a pentagon figure, but so closely compacted together that, though the pillars are perfectly distinct, the very water which falls upon them will hardly penetrate them. Not one will be found to correspond exactly with the other. Each pillar is formed of several distinct joints, the convex end of the one closely fitting into the concave of the next, in some the concavity and in others the convexity being uppermost. The tallest pillar measures about thirty-three feet. Among other curious things to be seen there is the Giant's Well, a spring of pure fresh water, forcing its way up between the joints of two of the columns. Here are also the Giant's Chain, Bagpipes, Theatre, and Organ. The last named is a beautiful colonade of pillars, one hundred and twenty feet long, and resembles the pipes of an organ. Like all such places, the Causeway has its tradition and legend. I give it as I heard it: Long, long ago, there lived a Scotch Giant named Benandoner, who sent word to the famous Fion McCumhal that if he would make a *dry pathway* from Scotland to Ireland he would go over and lick the conceit out of Fion. The great Irish Giant was not to be scared, so he asked permission of the illustrious King Cormac, Monarch of Ireland, to do so, and he got it. Fion McCumhal (pronounced Fin McCool) set to work and built the Giant's Causeway, and when completed went half-way to meet his antagonist, Benandoner. The two giants then faught with their broad-swords, and the result was that the Irish whipped the Scotch giant.

I will now proceed with the sketch of my trip from Dublin to Galway, but as I unfortunately took passage in a night train, I will have to pass unnoticed several places of historical note and interest and proceed at once to

GALWAY,

which is beautifully situated on a narrow neck of land between an arm of the great Galway Bay and Lough Corrib, a noble lake thirty miles long. This old city is remarkable for its antique archways and passages. The inhabitants of this thrifty town have a considerable amount of Spanish blood in their veins, for in olden times Spaniards were constant traders to this coast. In the "good old times" the Bay of Galway was one of the most important in Ireland and would be so still had they anything like a kind or just government. The entrance to this noble bay is sheltered by the Islands of Arranmore, Innismain, and Innisheire. Sailing into Galway Bay one sees a grand diversity of scenery.—On the right the noble range of the Burrin mountains form a majestic boundary to the scene. To the left the country is delightfully varied, exhibiting the mingled beauties of rich cultivation and primeval wildness. Such a sublime succession of noble bays as present themselves here, it would be difficult to find anywhere else in the world, and all are protected from the fury of the Atlantic by numerous islands which lie near the entrance. And yet we look in vain for some stately ships. The boats of the hardy, stalwart fisherman are alone to be seen.

I will now, with one bold stride, travel to

MALBAY,

in Clare county. In fact this is the name given to the coast for a distance of several miles, for if a vessel happens to be embayed along the coast the only place she can find shelter from a storm is in Dembeg or Liscannor. There in winter the wild waters of the awful Atlantic can be seen dashing their mountain billows along the unprotected shore. From here one can see the dark, frowning Callan mountain, on whose summit is a lake of clear, cool water, near which is the grave of Coman, the giant.

When I reached the lively village of Milltown I hired a jaunting car and drove along the sea-beaten shore of Seafield. Here I witnessed a comical and amusing sight. There were assembled on the sandy shore some scores of hardy-looking youths and about a dozen donkeys. The race commenced above the beach, but no man was to ride his own jack, and the last donkey that came to the winning post was declared the victor. Leaving Seafield we drove along the shore till we reached the Sand Hills, opposite Mutton Island. These are regular mountains of sand, formed by the constant friction of sandy stones, which are rolled backward and forward by the ceaseless waves.—Pursuing our journey onward, we pass over a hilly, rocky road, leaving Dunbeg, Killard, Baltard, and Dunbeg and Dunmore Castles on our right, till we reach

KILKEE,

where we put up for the night at Moore's Hotel. This is a noted watering place, and in the summer season is thronged with health-seekers from different parts of Ireland, and even by some from England. Rows of beautiful white cottages with bay windows are built along the shore. There are some very fine residences here also, but the one that took my fancy most was that once occupied by the liberal, genial Captain Kennedy. In the demesne surrounding the residence are elegant hot-houses, summer-houses, and an aviary containing birds of nearly all climes, colors and plumage. To the left, along the shore, is a remarkable "Puffing Hole," where one can see the blue waves of the Atlantic dashing up in silvery spray over a height of one hundred feet. Near Kilkee is a fine race course, where the lovers of the "Turf" meet annually and have some splendid sport. Not far from the course is Dunlickey Castle, about which some wild weird tales are told that happened a good many years ago. Passing the little village of Doonaha, we come to

CARRIGAHOLT,

a brisk, stirring village with some good stores, a school, and a very fine church. Here we had the extreme pleasure of making the acquaintance of Rev. Michael Meehan, the hospitable and worthy pastor of the place. This good, genial gentleman is a cousin of P. J. Meehan, Esq., the talented editor of the New York *Irish-American*. Near this village is Kilcredane Battery and Lighthouse. Between here and Loop Head one sees a very rare sight in the shape of *natural bridges*. The bridge is regularly formed by the sea cutting its way through enormous rocks which line the coast. From Kilbaha we crossed over in a boat to Ballybanion, where we will stay till our next, when we will describe portions of classic Kerry and our journey to Queenstown, where we intend to book our precious person for a safe voyage across the "wide stream."

Friend Mac, you could hardly guess what I am going to bring you. Well, sir, nothing less than a beautiful, well seasoned blackthorn stick, with which you can cudgel your delinquent subscribers to your heart's content.

Yours, dear Mac, very truly,

ERIONACH.

THE resolution introduced into the Senate some time ago by Mr. Sumner, authorizing an investigation into the sale of arms by the War Department to the agents of France during the late war between that country and Prussia, has been very fully discussed by several leading Senators.—The most brilliant speech that has been made was delivered by Carl Schurz. As an able and eloquent effort, it recalled the best days of the Senate, when intellectual giants and not pigmies controlled its debates. In view of the fact that the eloquent and highly cultivated Senator from Missouri, being foreign born, cannot aspire to the Presidency, and that a negro can, the New York *World*, in speaking of this remarkable speech of Senator Schurz, says:

"Senator Schurz's magnificent speech will bring into notice once more the refusal of the Republican majority in Congress to consider any such amendment of the Federal Constitution as would put the foreign-born citizen of the United States on the same footing as respects the Presidency and Vice Presidency as the ignorant negro savage of the South. Here is a man of the same blood and nationality as the Baron Stueben, who drilled our old Continental armies, approving himself that rather rare thing nowadays a real orator in a cause which finds few great advocates at present, the cause of honesty and law; and yet, orator and honest man as he is, doing yeoman service for the plundered and plotted against American people, he is the political inferior of the most worthless black vagabond who pilfers at night and makes laws in the day down South. Our Revolutionary fathers thought so well of Senator Schurz's old time countryman, the Baron Steuben, and of all other good and true men of foreign birth who stood by the rights of the people in that trying time, that it was expressly provided in the Constitution that they should be as eligible to any honor in the gift of the people as the native born. Feeling now the justice of this same rule, and revolting at the hideous anamoly of conferring an eligibility on the rice-field Congo which is denied the naturalized citizen, the Democrats in the House sought not long since to break down the distinction. Even on strict Republican ground they were justified, for with what does Republicanism deafen us if not with the cry that all men are equal? And this was an effort at equality, but by Republican strength the effort was foiled. That the foreign-born citizen shall not be the full political equal of the negro is Republican doctrine as laid down by the votes of its expounders. That citizen may be of great reputation, of rising influence, the foe of the corruptions which are over clouding our liberties, and the friend of reform. It does not matter: he and all like him shall lie under the ban."

A MASS MEETING of the Democrats of Bedford county was held on the 12th, at which William Hartley was chosen Representative Delegate to the Democratic State Convention, and the following resolution, among others, adopted by acclamation:

Resolved, That it is the earnest desire of the Democrats of Bedford county, as it should be of all patriotic citizens, that the several political elements whose common creed is the preservation of our liberal form of government, and resistance to the centralizing influences and corrupt practices which under the present nondescript administration are so rapidly undermining the foundations of our Republican system, may unite upon candidates and a platform of principles at the impending Presidential election, and that mutual concessions looking to such a union may be freely and cheerfully made.

THE SUMMER EXCURSION OF THE STATE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION.—The officers of the State Editorial Association, who were empowered to make all arrangements for the next Summr excursion, concluded that the very courteous invitation extended by the city of Erie could not be declined. On the contrary, it has been accepted in the same spirit in which it was tendered. The time for the excursion has not been decided upon, but it will take place early in June. A trip to Erie at that season of the year will prove to be very pleasant. The scenery along the different railroads leading to the city is calculated to excite the admiration of all beholders. Arrangements similar to those entered into last Summer will be made by the officers, and members of the Association will be notified in due time. Judging from the excursion of last Summer, the coming gathering will be very large, and the occasion one of thorough enjoyment.—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

MORE than forty years have elapsed since *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* was first invented, during which time hundreds of thousands have been benefitted by its use. Probably no article ever became so universally popular with all classes as *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.*

PILLS which contain antimony, quinine, and calomel, should be avoided, as severe griping pains would be their only result.—The safest, surest, and best pills are *Parson's Purgative or Anti-Bilious Pills.*

Lost in the Snow.

Tuesday, the 23d of January, 1872, will long be remembered by the people of Northern Colorado. Snow covered the ground, yet the weather was pleasant, and the mountains stood out grandly in the sunlight. On the afternoon of this day, Jeremiah Fisk left the Higley coal mine with a load of coal for his home in Greeley. The distance is fourteen miles. Two teams had gone before him, and others were on their way to the mine. A little after 4 o'clock, when in sight of town, he passed two of his neighbors who were cutting ice in a lake seven miles northwest of Greeley. The Cache la Poudre River lay at the foot of the slope, about two miles due south of him, and the road leads almost directly down the river, and follows it to the town limits. Not long after leaving the lake he heard a noise like the roaring of a great water spout. Instinctively he turned toward the mountains; they were calm and beautiful as in the morning, but northward, where the Black Hills rise from the plains, he saw a vast wall of cloud approaching with the speed of a whirlwind. The roaring increased. At this instant the frozen tidal wave touched the foot hills, and chased the sunbeams from the mountains like an avalanche. The horses rushed forward in terror, and a second later they were in darkness, the storm sweeping over them with resistless fury. Snow, finer than the finest flour, filled the air, so that it was impossible to see a hundred feet in any direction. Fisk wrapt a buffalo robe around his neck and shoulders, and urged the trembling horses on, but they could not keep the road, and in a short time the plain was as trackless as the sea. After the horses had left the beaten way they could scarcely walk, and it was not long before they refused to move. The darkness increased, and the mercury was rapidly running down to zero.

No time must be lost. The traces were unhitched, and mounting the strongest horse, Fisk attempted to urge him forward, but he would not go. Then he led them for a time, but finding that it required all his strength to keep the buffalo robe from blowing away, he left the team and pushed on before the wind, for it was his only compass. The storm increased in violence every moment, and it soon became dark and intensely cold. In many places the snow was deep, and more than twenty times the strong man was hurled into the drifts, so terrible was the storm.—By 8 o'clock the mercury stood at ten degrees below zero. The snow blew from all points of the compass, and penetrated every stitch of his clothing that was not protected by the buffalo robe. He knew that several houses were near, but how could he find a single one of them, when on that very night the engineers on the railroad were unable to find the water tank at Pierce station in the darkness. The man knew that death was on his trail. His strength was failing rapidly and the cold increasing with the fury of the storm. All his garments were frozen stiff, and his eye lashes coated with ice. It seems that he crossed the river a few hundred feet below Boyd's ranche, but he has only a faint recollection of stumbling down a bank, and of dreaming that he might possibly be near a house. He felt that his time had almost come. To go on was madness, yet he could not stop, except to brush away the frozen tears, for a wife with her babes are waiting and praying, not three miles away from his sinking heart.

He managed to walk an hour longer, when a dizziness came on, and his brain reeled like the storm. Then he began digging a hole in the deepest drift he could find. It was like digging his own grave, for he knew not how soon he might sink with exhaustion. After working a long time the ground was reached, and then drawing the robe over his head, he waited for the snow to bury him. The wind did its work well, and in an hour eighteen inches of snow covered his roof of snow. Never did a man long to sleep more than he, but he knew that if he closed his eyes it would be forever. He fought with his senses like Bunyan's Christian Pilgrim, and kept awake. Burning pains shot through his swollen limbs, and his legs cramped as if on the rack, and finally something like nettles prickled in his boots. Then he knew that his feet were freezing. Was he to die after all these hours of agony? No, he would keep his muscles moving, and he did so long after his toes were frozen stiff. Hour after hour this man from the Green Mountains fought with death, while snowy billows were rolling above his head.

At daylight he crawled out. Houses were near. Then he staggered and fell; got up again, and dragged his frozen limbs towards the limits of the town. After walking an hour he reached Cooper's ranche—the summer residence of our Town Clerk—and pushed in the back door. Another hour was consumed in making a fire. Some matches, a piece of candle and an old broad ax were found. Then he melted snow in a pail and thawed his frozen feet. He found dry clothing and a pair of cavalry boots. Although completely exhausted, he started for Greeley, a distance of two miles. The mercury was 18 degrees below zero, and it took him an hour to walk a single mile. Often he tho't he would fall to the ground. The houses seemed to spin round as he passed them, and familiar streets, in which he saw children playing the day before, were but the landmarks of a dream. At last he reached his father's gate and staggered to the door.—Then there was a rush and a scream, and the next instant a black and bloated face was lying on a woman's breast.—Greeley (Colorado) Tribune, January 31.

A MOST damaging *expose* of the doings of Radical rulers in the South is contained in the minority report of the Ku-Klux Committee. They dwell at length on carpet-bag, scallawag and negro rule, showing that the assessed value of the taxable property in the eleven States of the South has been reduced from $4,363,757,942 in 1860 to $2,026,440 971 in 1870, being a loss of $2,307,306,971, or over $300,600,000 more than now remains. The State taxation on what these people now have was in 1870, $12,813 615, while it was $8,165,486 in 1860. When their affairs were managed by their own people, the county taxation on all the property then owned was only $3 115,184, while now, under carpet-bag and negro rule, it is $14,298,630, or eleven millions more on the remnant still in existence than it was on the whole property they owned when the war began. In view of the enormous debt which is shown to have been wantonly, corruptly and fraudulently heaped upon a people as poor as the census reports show, with five-eigths of their property gone, and the taxation on the remnant nearly fourfold as much as it was on the whole when the affairs were honestly managed, is it to be expected that the people of these States will have either love or respect for the men or the party by whom they have been thus plundered? No man can look over the testimony taken before the Committee, without coming to the conclusion that no people has ever been so mercilessly robbed and plundered—so wantonly and causelessly humiliated and degraded—so recklessly exposed to the rapacity and lust of the ignorant and vicious portion of their own community and of other States—as the people of the South for the last six years.

News of the Week.

—An eight-legged cat prowls over the roofs of Grady, Ga.

—Forney declines in advance any position the administration intends offering him.

—The large sugar refinery of Bartol & Baker, at Marcus Hook, Pa., was entirely destroyed by fire on Sunday morning. Loss, $150,000.

—Count de Larendau, whose father was killed in 1850 by the fall of a chimney-pot upon his head, recently lost his life in precisely the same manner, at Paris.

—A cheerful giver put the following note in a pair of pantaloons sent to the Michigan sufferers: "There, take 'em, d— you; last pair I've got; don't get burned out again."

—The competition among Masons throughout the United States for the Masonic scarf belonging to George Washington, which was to have been decided on the 22d of February, is extended to the 1st of May.

—The House of Representatives has appointed a committee to investigate the sale of arms matter, in advance of the action of the Senate. This is merely shaking a red flag in order to prevent the bull from pursuing the right parties.

—The Chicago *Tribune* publishes a list of upward of a hundred newspaper editors who hold federal offices and strongly advocate the renomination of Grant. It is a pity Forney's example hasn't struck into these chaps and induced them to go and do likewise; but it hasn't.

—The house of Henry Spinney, in Argyle, Yarmouth county, Nova Scotia, was burned on the 7th instant, and his five children perished in the flames. Mr. and Mrs. Spinney were absent on a visit, and the only adult person left to protect the children was their grandmother, who is insane.

—The Louisville *Courier-Journal* truly remarks that the Republican members of Congress who insist on ferreting out and exposing official villainies, are charged by Grant's friends with acting in the interests of the Democratic party. No higher compliment could be paid to the Democracy.

—In three years, Governor Hoffman, of New York, has vetoed three hundred and ninety-one bills, and every veto, with one exception, has been sustained by the Legislature. That exception was lately, where a law had been passed increasing the salary of the Recorder of Utica from $1,800 to $3,500.

—The Pittsburgh *Post* authoritively announces that General George W. Cass will not decline the Democratic nomination for Governor. General Cass is a man of ability and of the strictest integrity. He is well-known to the people of Pennsylvania by reputation, and is strongly urged by the western Democrats.

—The New Haven (Conn.) Palladium reports that a young man in that city, formerly a pie cart driver far H. H. Olds, and more recently a horse-car driver, received a letter on Thursday last from a foreign real-estate agent announcing that an uncle in China had recently died and left him $450,000—90,000 pounds sterling.

—At General McIntosh's camp, on the St. Joseph and Denver railroad, near Fairburg, Kan., two or three days ago, a desperado called "Kentucky Jack," killed two men, one McIntosh's clerk, and the other his cook. The inmates of the camp tied the murderer to a stake, and were about burning him alive, when he was rescued by the authorities.

—A maiden lady of Guilford, N. Y., of good character, liberal education, and rare accomplishments, is laboring under a most singular hallucination. Imagining she is engaged to be married, though she has never seen her intended, she makes extended journeys to see or meet her betrothed. Failing once, nothing discouraged, she starts off again.

—The Boston Journal says that a new safe has been invented, which makes things very unpleasant for burglars. The walls are filled with gunpowder in such a manner that the blows of a sledge, or the cutting of a chisel, in the attempt to rob the safe, will ignite the powder, blow off the outer crust, annihilate the burglar, and leave the contents of the safe uninjured.

—There were married on Wednesday, the 12th ult., on horseback, in front of the tavern-house of Wm. J. McGlaughlin, in Pocahontas county, Va., when the thermometer stood eight degrees below zero, by the Rev. G. L. Brown, Daniel McCarty, Esq., a pensioner for service in the war of 1812, aged 78 years, to Miss Ann Gabert, aged 28 years, all of Pocahontas county.

—Very Reverand Henry Benedict Corkey, Vicar-General and Administrator of the Archdiocese of Baltimore, died on Tuesday evening last of pneumonia, after an illness of several weeks. Deceased was a native of Frederick county, Maryland, and has been Vicar-General of this Archdiocese since 1849. In 1854 he declined the appointment of Bishop of Portland, Maine, by the Pope.

—LEET, the notorious head of the thieving General Order system in the New York Custom House, has been in consultation with President Grant in relation to matters in New York. What a man to enjoy the confidence and mould the opinions of the President of the United States! The doors of the White House shut upon Senators Sumner and Trumbull, and opened to Leet!

—A Mrs. Watts, wife of Justice Watts, living near Fort Smith, Ark., discovered a trespasser in the barnyard in the shape of a full grown black bear, who was making it lively for a pet hog. She took her husband's fowling-piece, went near enough to be sure of her aim, and discharged both barrels.—The fusilade was effectual. The carcass of the beast when dressed weighed 287 pounds.

—One of the most recent trimmps of ingenuity recorded at the Patent Office is a device for opening in the morning and closing at night the gates of beehives, the object being to exclude the bee moth. The gates are so connected with a poultry roost that when the fowls are on their perches the additional weight closes the beehive gates, which open again when the fowls depart in the morning.

—A Cleveland inventor has just brought out an automaton side door car, to afford a means of escape to passengers in case of accidents which throw the car from the track and overturn it. The arrangement is such that when the car veers over and becomes supported only by the wheels on one side, the opposite side of the car opens promptly, thus allowing the passengers a chance to escape.

—The Titusville *Courier* says: We notice that many of our Democratic cotemporaries throughout the State are speaking favorably of the nomination of Hon. George W. Cass, of Pittsburgh, as the next nominee for Governor. General Cass is very popular in the western part of Pennsylvania, and as the west is certainly this year entitled to the candidate we can think of no more acceptable man than he.

—Jos. R. Richter, an eccentric German shoemaker of Indianapolis, is dead. He had, by strict industry and almost penurious economy, accumulated property to the amount of $50,000. His only expenditure, outside of the necessaries of life, were for newspapers, and he subscribed for all of the publications of Indianapolis and the leading papers of New York and Cincinnati. There were read to him by his wife, and he pegged away at his shoes.

—Deputy Marshal McCausland left Fergus, Minnesota, on the Red river, on February 18, with four prisoners, whom he was to take to Fort Pembina. When they arrived near Grand Forks two of the prisoners escaped, and McCausland gave chase. Since that time nothing has been heard of the three men. There is no doubt that they perished in the severe snow storm of the 25th, or that McCausland has been foully dealt with by the two desperadoes.

—In Danville, Pa., one day last week, two drunken ruffians forced their way into the house of Mrs. Carstetter, the inmates fleeing before them. Making their way to the room of a young girl lying ill with consumption, they outraged her person in the most brutal manner. One of them, Jeremiah Haucks, was arrested next morning in a state of beastly intoxication, but the other, named Denny McGinley, escaped. The girl is not expected to recover.

—It was at first thought that Herr Driscous, the European wild-beast tamer, who nearly met his death in the tiger's den a few days ago, had escaped with a few scratches. This is wrong. Although in not a critical condition, he is seriously injured, and is confined to his bed. When the tiger leaped upon him it seized him by the right shoulder with its jaws, and bore him to the floor. In addition to this wound he has two others, one a ragged rip upon the right leg, and the other a fearful gash on the right side above the hip, which exposes the entrails.

—Robert Walker and his wife, who had been for several nights watching at the bedside with Robert's sick father, went to sleep in their house near Carrollton, Ill., on the night of the 20th ult., taking their infant child to bed with them. During the night the child crawled out of the bed and fell to the floor, and, although its cries were heard by neighbors, they failed to awake its parents. After some time spent in suffering, the infant froze to death, and when the somnolent parents awoke in the morning they found that their child had been almost devoured by rats.

SCHUYLKILL HAVEN Feb. 26.—Some time during last night a farmer named Daniel Kramer was brutally murdered, and his wife also left for dead. The facts are these:—This morning young Mr. Kramer, in passing his father's house, thought he would go in to see his parents. Upon entering he found his mother lying on the bed with her skull fearfully fractured and otherwise badly bruised, but still living; but she could not speak. The young man then started in search of his father, and found him about one hundred yards from the house, with his brains beaten out and frozen to the ground.

An alarm was raised, but no clue has been found as to who the murderers are up to this time. The murderers robbed the house and broke open all the chests, drawers, etc., showing that their evident purpose was plunder.

It is thought that Mr. Kramer was running for assistance when he was overtaken and murdered where he was found. Mr. and Mrs. Kramer were each over 60 years old. Mr. Kramer was a well to-do farmer, and probably the assassins thought of getting considerable money.

The old lady is in the hands of the physicians, who say it is impossible for her to recover as her skull is badly fractured.

A heavy club was used to commit the bloody deed. It was left behind and is now in the hands of the authorities.

The murder was committed about nine miles west of Auburn, in Schuylkill county, on the line of the Schuylkill and Susquehanna railroad, and in the heart of a fine farming region.

Mrs. Kramer has remained unconscious during the day, and no hopes are entertained of her recovery.

The house was ransacked from top to bottom, and it is estimated that they obtained from $800 to $1,000 in gold and silver and considerable paper money, the accumulation of many years toil, each being between fifty and sixty years of age.

Another very aged lady in the house at the time and entirely deaf, was unmolested.

Kramer was a highly respected farmer, and the tragedy has caused a deep gloom over the entire community.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 27.—Jos. Brown and Isaac Hummel, both young men, were arrested to-day on suspicion of the murder of Daniel Kramer. Both were brought here this evening. Brown made a partial confession and acknowledged to have accompanied Hummel to the door of Kramer's house, but alleges that Hummel committed the murder. Both are committed for another hearing on Friday next. Mrs. Kramer was insensible to-day and there is no hopes of her recovery.

Dyspeptic Consumption.

This is a form of disease in which the stomach sympathizes with the lungs, and it is very hard to cure the lungs when the stomach and the digestive organs are impaired. People will see at once the folly of taking squills and ipecac and paregoric and medicines of a nauseating tendency; in fact there is no form of lung disease in which they are admissible. The old plan of weakening the patient to weaken the disease, has long since been found out, to not only be useless, but even hurtful. DR. KEYSER'S LUNG CURE not only heals the lungs, but it strengthens the stomach, cleanses the blood, promotes expectoration and builds up the constitution. DR. KEYSER'S LUNG CURE is founded on the correct principles of cure, and bids fair to introduce new and valuable knowledge in the cure of all lung and throat diseases. The Doctor has published some of the most important cures ever effected by the use of medicines, and has published a pamphlet containing them, which will be sent to any one desiring it, free of charge. Price of Lung Cure, $1.50 per bottle, or four bottles at one time for $5. The Doctor's office for consulting in all lung or chronic diseases, is at 167 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, from 10 A. M., until 1 P. M., and from 3 until 6 P. M.

GREAT FIRE IN PITTSBURGH.—On Saturday night last the American Iron Works, Pittsburgh, owned by Jones & Laughlin, were partially burned. The upper rolling mill, with six trains, rolls, spike, bolt, and nut factory, pattern shop, pattern store-house, and foundry, were entirely destroyed. Loss, $100,000 to $150,000, but it is impossible to ascertain, as the machinery is covered with debris.

The portion destroyed is insured for $100,000, distributed among some fifteen offices, mostly of foreign companies, no one office losing more than $7,000. The blast furnace, puddling department, forge trains, bar-plate, and rail mills were not damaged; neither were the nail factory, cold rolling mill, machine and blacksmith shop, all of which will be at work on Monday morning. The portion burned will be rebuilt in sixty days.—The works were the most extensive in America, and afforded employment to 2,500 hands.

—A young lady of this place, attending a private party, excused herself when asked to sing, saying: "You must excuse me, for I never attempt to sing, except to warble a few wild notes for pa at eventide."

—James McCartney's dwelling house, at Rockdale Furnace, near Williamsburg, Blair county, was recently destroyed by fire.

Cambria Freeman.

SATURDAY, : : : MARCH 2, 1872.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Court begins next Monday. Those who owe us will please make a note of this fact.

—The delegates to the Republican State Convention, from Clearfield county, are instructed to support Hon. Frank Jordon for Governor.

—The Herald reports the scarlet fever as raging fearfully in some of the townships south of it, and that five children in one family have died of the disease.

—On Wednesday last, James Bricker, a well known citizen of Huntingdon, was run over by a freight train and so badly injured that he died the same evening.

—February went out with a slight snow storm but March came in lamb like enough. There will probably be some lion, (or lying,) however, about the present month before it ends.

—Mr. Nicholas Altimus, of Brushvalley township, Indiana county, was thrown from a horse on Friday last, and sustained injuries which caused his death early the following morning.

—One day last week, Jacob Miller, of Unity township, Westmoreland county, was injured to such an extent by a limb falling on him while felling a tree, that it will most probably cause his death.

—Mr. Peter Campbell, of Carrolltown, has had his patent car-coupler attached at his own expense to the passenger train on our Branch road, and Conductor Quartz assures us that it works to a charm.

—Subscribers who are in arrears or who desire to pay for the present volume of the FREEMAN will prove themselves "penny wise and pound foolish" if they don't "sock up" within the next two weeks.

—The Bedford Gazette says: We noticed a horse, on the street the other day, having a large and full grown moustache on his upper lip—the hair was about an inch long, an inch in thickness, and running across the entire lip.

—Under the cry of "stop thief!" directed against our county officials, the last Johnstown Tribune runs up the name of Ulysses S. Grant for President. Which may be set down as a clear case of preaching vs. practice—under difficulties.

—Shakespeare says: "Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just." The Herald man says he is going to buy four revolvers, two bowie knives and a sling shot. Therefore it can't be he is chap Shakespeare had in his mind's eye.

—John McGirty and Christian Hartman were both found guilty of murder in the second degree, last week, in Bedford. The former was sentenced to five years and six months', and the latter two years and six months' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

—Mr. Jacob Erb of Richland township, formerly of Bucks county, says the Johnstown Democrat, has a cow 13 years old; which has had 15 calves, 4 times twins, all alive and good ones. This beats any thing yet heard from, and is a democratic cow. So says Mr. Erb.

—The District Court authorities have leased Union Hall Johnstown, for ten years, at a yearly rental of $800, and friend and foe are alike disgusted and outraged by their action. It is none of our funeral specially, but we hope the county commissioners will repudiate the contract and refuse to pay the bill.

—On Monday, March 18th, a normal school for the instruction of students in the theory of teaching, and in all the various branches of education, will be opened by Prof. Geo. Marsden, and all especially who desire to fit themselves for the education of others should avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded.

—The Herald says "Michael Cunningham had the misfortune of having one of his index fingers cut off by the machinery of an engine some weeks past while at work near Chest Springs." Some weeks past is a considerable length of period" for the machinery of an engine to be operating on one index finger.

—Dr. Walter Bell and A. J. Reilly, Esq., two of Altoona's most intelligent, respected and successful citizens, interviewed us briefly this week—the former on Monday and the latter on Friday. It elevates our bump of self esteem very perceptibly to have such worthy gentlemen look in upon us occasionally.

—At the Presbyterian church on next Wednesday evening the pupils of the Presbyterian Sabbath school, aided by the choir of that church, design giving a grand vocal and instrumental concert in aid of the Sabbath school library. The entertainment will no doubt be enjoyable, and the cause is worthy of a liberal patronage. Let them have a full house.

—All lovers of the beautiful who read our paper cannot fail to be pleased with the exquisite original poem, entitled "A Legend," which we publish on this page. The author has not divulged to us his name, and even his postmark is (perhaps purposely) obscured, yet we could not resist the temptation to publish his several productions thus far, and trust they will continue to come weekly, even though the author should still continue to "go behind ——" well never mind.

—The entire stock of ready made clothing contained in the store of Mr. Jacob Pircher, Hollidaysburg, will positively be sold at wholesale city prices, to close business, from and after this date. The stock, which was selected by Mr Pircher, who is a practical tailor, may be depended on as perfect in styles, make and textures, and comprises all manner and quality of men's and boys' wearing apparel. Advertisement next week.

—The winter term of our borough schools will close next week. We believe it is generally conceded that they have all been conducted with marked ability and success, and especially that the principal, Mr. Geo. Marsden, has fully reached, if not excelled, the most sanguine expectations of parents in as well as directors. The discipline of the schools has been excellent and the advancement of the scholars in their various studies very decided.

—Since the Herald has got on the subject of figures, we would like to have it explain how $133.65, $9.00, $7.50 and 55 cents make a total of $9 884.20, as published by that paper last week. (See two Auditors' report, etc.) Also, while raising the "old boy" generally on the figure subject, would like it to explain what (the devil) his Satanic majesty stuck in the fire while on the rampage along the Pa. R. R., this week's Herald having left the reader in very grave doubt on that important question.

—We learn with unfeigned regret of the very serious illness of our good and true friend, Mr. Jacob Pircher, of Hollidaysburg, whose death is momentarily looked for, if indeed it has not already occurred. For his own sake there is no cause to mourn, as he is well prepared for the great change, but for the sake of his very excellent family, his many friends and, above all, the virtuous example his entire life has afforded, we trust that his useful career in this world may be much further extended than his present condition gives reason to hope for.

—"Soltero" will understand that lack of space and not want of disposition has caused the omission of his letter this week. From it, however, we compile the following: A horse-race came off near Wilmore last Friday, the competing trotters being sweep stakes and slow pays. In a three quarter mile heat the former distanced the latter about 150 yards. Much money changed hands.——Esq. Miller's prize calf, exhibited at the Johnstown fair, now owned by Mr. John Dorsa, brought down the beam to the tune of 1075 pounds on Friday last. This mammoth suckling was one year old on the 22d, and is held in higher esteem by its former owner than is the "Second Washington."

—Leg breaking seems to have become epidemic among some of our northern neighbors. One day last week Mathew Weaver, of Carrolltown, fell on the ice and fractured his hip bone; on Monday last Henry Weakland, of Susquehanna township, broke one of his legs by some means; Mr. Risbon, of Allegheny township, met with a similar mishap, caused by the falling of a horse he was riding; And, Eckenrode, same township, suffered a like affliction under similar circumstances; Henry Weaver, of Carroll township, on Tuesday last, and Richard Roberts, of this place, one of Messrs. Barker & Son's drivers, on Monday, fractured each a leg—one from the fall of a horse and the other from a falling mule.

Local Correspondence.

JOHNSTOWN, Feb. 28, 1872.

DEAR FREEMAN—Every year for ten years we have insisted upon having trees planted on the Public Square in Johnstown. If they had been planted ten years ago, we would now have thriving trees which would soon be covered with a profusion of verdant leaves and fragrant blossoms. But the Square is as bare as the street yet. When will the council move in the matter. If they would permit it, the citizens themselves would plant the trees.

AS YOU WERE.

All the old officers of our borough were re elected by the councils, except two. A. Kopelin, Esq., was elected legal counsellor for the borough, in place of J. P. Linton, Esq., and John Fisher was elected Clerk in place of Jno. W. Bowman. There was some sharp balloting for the other officers.

TEN YEARS.

The Union Hall has been sentenced ten years to the penitentiary by the Judges of the District Court. It is thought it will be pardoned out. It ought to be.

TWO REASONS.

There are two strong reasons why human beings should not drink strong drinks. The first is that man was so created as to derive heat from the continual struggle between the carbon in the food he eats and the oxygen in the air he breathes. He needs no other stimulent. Ladies can live without artificial stimulents. Why cannot men? The second reason is that if it was right to drink pure drinks, it is certainly wrong to drink the poisoned drinks that are now sold everywhere. It is not necessary to inquire who poisons these drinks—whether it is the manufacturer, the wholesale dealer, or the retail gill vendor. It is enough to know that every drink one buys has more or less poison in it, and some has enough in it to kill, and some of it does kill. If a person stops at a hotel and asks for something to eat, he would expect that the victuals he pays for would not be poisoned. Why, then, should the public submit to poisoned drinks? There should be CHEMICAL inspectors appointed to analyze samples of all the liquor that is offered for sale, and those who sell poisoned drinks should forfeit their licenses. If this were done this thing of making three barrels out of one would cease.

WHAT IT COSTS.

Johnstown is a fast town. We have had three balls, fifteen nights at the Opera House, eight nights at Union Hall, Lutheran and Presbyterian tableaux, a Catholic fair, and three other nights now advertised—all in about one month. The dram upon the pocket-book is immense."

A MAN KILLED.

An aged German named Rauch, about 70 years old, was killed at the railroad station in this place on Saturday morning last as he was attempting to cross the track on his way to work in the Company's coke yard. A freight train was standing on one track, the engine of which was blowing off steam, making a noise that drowned the sound of the Southern Express, at the time approaching, which struck him just as he stepped on the track, inflicting injuries which produced death very shortly after being conveyed to his home in Kernville.

HAND INJURED.

A young man named Bretzler placed a block of wood under the steam hammer at the steel rail mill, on Friday evening last, but failed to withdraw his hand in time to escape the descending hammer, and he now deplores the loss of two or three fingers and a thumb, they having been crushed so terribly that amputation became necessary.

NEW CHURCH.

The United Presbyterian church on Franklin street is almost finished. The Sunday school rooms are completed and present a very neat appearance. The chapel will be ditto in May.

A BAD STRIKE.

I have a friend in Arizona who has struck for higher wages. He had an interest in a gold mine there during the war, but the Indians drove the hands off. He went back last summer, and for the last four months he has been taking out rock that contains $50.00 per ton, and they take out five tons a day. This is making good wages. He is a brother in law, and I have a son out in the same diggings. All will be right in a few months if the Indians don't come again. Frank writes "I see a small fortune before me."

SOLD OUT.

Mr. Bishop, of the Hulbert House, has already become tired of running the machine, and has sold out to A. J. Haws. Mr. Bishop, I understand, has got up a troupe of Ethiopian Serenaders, and gave an exhibition here on the night of the 27th February.

LOCK OUT

for a late spring. We will see snow in March, April and May, if not in June. The season is always late when the ecliptic crosses the equator at right angles with the colures and when the paralex of the sun is 90 degrees above zero.

ABRIDGED.

If the bridge between Conemaugh borough and Woodvale is not soon repaired it will go down, and New Orleans will get some fire wood.

DOLLAR STORE.

The dollar store is a new institution here.—It is a kind of a lottery so inside, only it is done according to law. A man buys a picture worth two cents for twenty five cents; then he can "draw a chance" to get something, by paying another bill of one dollar. People ought to know they can not get as good bargains at one of these chebangs as they can at a licensed store. Besides, all such impositions is jure our honest merchants.

KERNSVILLE

is becoming conspicuous. There was a fight at Krantz' store on Saturday. On Monday two boys, aged 15 and 12 years, respectively, took five dollars from the money drawer in George Shaffer's store, while the store keeper was in the cellar getting some potatoes. A lady says: "The poor little dears didn't know what money was!" Two other boys, 8 and 6 years old, respectively, one a son of Samuel Dibert and the other a son of Mr. Ellsworth, both of Kernsville, took a notion, on Monday last, to visit Stoystown, a place nearly twenty miles distant, in Somerset county. They footed it about two miles beyond Stoystown before they stopped for rest. The day was quite cold and the youngest child was very tired and greatly exposed to the severe weather; but beyond this no damage was done. The parents became alarmed and followed them as soon as they found out where they had gone. Both parents and children returned the next day safe and sound.

ROB ROY.

DOINGS OF THE BOROUGH COUNCIL.—Council met on Monday evening, 26th inst. Present, Burgess—Berry. Councilmen—Barker, Cunningham, Davis, Huntley, and Lewis. Absent—Sechler.

Minutes of former meeting read and approved.

A number of bills were presented and orders granted.

On motion, the act passed Nov. 27, 1871, relative to hauling away the dirt of cellar excavations, be repealed. Agreed to.

On motion, Mr. Rogers be instructed to remove the dirt in front of his residence as soon as possible, and that he be allowed the privilege of putting it on certain streets under direction of Street Commissioner. Agreed to.

On motion the Clerk and Mr. Barker were appointed to audit the Borough accounts.

The Council then proceeded to the election of Borough officers with the following result

Deputy Burgess—F. H. Barker.
Collector and Treasurer—Wm. Davis.
Street Commissioner—T. W. Williams.
Police, W. W.—Geo. Gurley.
" E. W.—David E. Evans.
Weigh Master—G. G. Owens.

The Treasurer was instructed to pay interest on all fire engine bonds that may be presented to him, endorsing the same on the bond. Adjourned.

Excitement about Sewing Machines.

The new competitor for public favor, the Domestic Sewing Machine, is evidently the long pole which knocks the persimmons.

Agents of old established machines, who, a week ago, laughed at the idea of a new machine gaining favor in the market, are fairly breaking their necks to see who can get to sell it.

It will sew to beat any machine in the market, and so nicely is it adjusted, and so few its points of friction, that a child ten years old can run it at its highest rate of speed, by simply placing the tip of the toe on a corner of the treadle.—When running at the rate of a thousand stitches a minute, it can scarcely be heard across the room. A nice feature about it is, there is twice the room under the arm that is allowed for any other machine.

As the terms given by Messrs. Steadman & Co. are much more favorable than those given by other houses, they will be able to find the best men in this and other counties to act as their agents.

COMMUNICATION.

FEBRUARY 29, 1872.

Editor of Cambria Freeman.—Will you be kind enough to give me space in your columns to do some justice to certain of our county officials who, I think, have been undeservedly abused? Since the Auditors of Cambria county have made their report of the Receipts and Expenditures of the county for the year 1871, the Johnstown *Tribune* and the Ebensburg *Herald* have been, week after week, holding up to the view of taxpayers what they are pleased to term the enormous frauds and robberies committed by the officials entrusted with the financial affairs of the county. The *Tribune* compares the sum paid to Commissioners in Bedford county with the gigantic (?) amount paid to the Commissioners of this county, for services rendered, and makes quite a noise about the difference. The writer of this has not seen the report of the Auditors of Bedford county, but as the editors of the papers in question have been asking for light, in order to see and understand what they are talking so loudly about, they should have looked a little further than mere figures across the line of Bedford county. They should have examined the reports from Westmoreland, Clearfield, Indiana, Tioga, Venango, Lycoming and Dauphin counties, and then they could have seen that the "frauds and robberies" in other counties, if there were any such anywhere, far exceed those alleged by them to have been committed in Cambria county. Still, as the said editors have drawn a comparison with Bedford county in regard to the amounts paid to the respective boards of Commissioners, I will take the liberty of extending comparisons a little further. All the amounts given below have been carefully compiled from the reports made by the Auditors of the several counties named:

Aggregate amounts paid for the year 1871 to Commissioners, Auditors, Clerks and Counsel

In Westmoreland county	$5,190 25
In Clearfield county	2,937 50
In Lycoming county	3,713 99
In Tioga county	2,636 04
In Indiana county	3,575 97
In Dauphin county	6,155 87
In Venango county	3,866 50
In Cambria county	2,850 41

Now of the seven counties above compared with Cambria, in each one of five of them the amount paid to Commissioners, their Clerk and Counsel far exceeds the amount paid to like officials in Cambria; in two of them only was the amount smaller. Average the seven counties, and the amount for each will be $3,636.40—exceeding that of Cambria, for which the *Tribune* and *Herald* lament so much, the sum of $786. And in Venango county, governed too by honest Republicans, the fees for counsel is not included in the amount mentioned above—neither is counsel fees included in the amount for Dauphin, another Republican county, where of course nothing wrong could be done.

The *Tribune* wants light on a certain item called Miscellaneous—about $90—which the editor thinks must have been paid for "Toothpicks and Tom and Jerry." But would not the *Tribune* like to have light sufficient to enable him to see on what the small "Miscellaneous," amounting to $2,122.06, was expended in Indiana county? It could not have been on "Tom and Jerry," as the Republicans are *all temperate*, notwithstanding one of them, while a candidate for the Legislature, got, it is said, five gallons of that "Hite whisky," about which so much noise has been made, and another Republican, now a co-worker, I am told, on the *Tribune*, drank more than a gallon of that quality of the said "Hite whisky." Light, we are wanted so as to know who got the 204 dollars, the error mentioned in the Auditor's report. Well, it is easily explained thus: The Auditors in making charges of the Treasurer with money received from delinquent collectors—$204 more than he had received—therefore the Treasurer was the loser to that amount. Well, would any honest man refuse to rectify a mistake? Surely not. So the $204 were refunded to the Treasurer.—The *Tribune* made a noise about "insurrection" fund, asking if "war or insurrection existed in the north of Cambria county," that so much money was needed? On making inquiry, the writer has discovered, that Johnstown must be the place where the "war or insurrection" had its existence, as over $1,000 of the military fund went to parties in that place. As regards the office time made by the Commissioners last year, writer knows nothing; but this much he does know: Last year was the triennial for assessments, and it is well known that the Commissioners revised them and altered every figure in the assessment list—making calculations for every individual property, in order to make a fair ratio. It was also the year for making the enumeration of the taxable inhabitants for apportioning the State; also, the new Jurors for filing to make sale of Bonds, &c. Surely all this must have taken a great deal of time. It is also well known to all in and around Ebensburg that the Commissioners worked often from 7 o'clock in the morning until 10 and 11 o'clock at night; and would any liberal man allow that much time to go for one day at the pitiful sum of $2? Surely the District Court official whose name is flaunted at the masthead of the *Tribune*, and who attempted to charge the county about $60 more fees for one term of the District Court than the law allows him, should not complain if the Commissioners charged more than $2 for 15 or 16 hours' work, and close application at that. "Those dwelling in glass houses should not throw stones."

A TAXPAYER NEAR EBENSBURG.

Wood's Household Magazine for March has taken a "New Departure," with Gail Hamilton as its Editor-in-chief. In her salutory she unblushingly avows that, "The original and governing motive of this Magazine is to make money. We know that this is a fact unparalleled in the history of literature, and we might disguise it in finer phrase, but the underlying motive would still be the same. Profoundly as we believe in virtue, morality and the power of the press, we would never publish a book intended if we did not hope to advance our fortune thereby." Yet just how fortunes are to be advanced by the publication of an original Magazine of nearly sixty pages, contributed by such writers as Greeley, Parton, Dio Lewis, Beecher, etc., and afforded at an expense of nearly six thousand dollars—all for one dollar a year—this is not so apparent to the general reader, and is explained only by the fact of its enormous circulation, which now exceeds that of any other Magazine published. Any person not acquainted with the Magazine may receive a specimen free, by addressing S. S. Wood & Co., Newburgh, N. Y.

Ballou's Magazine for March.—The March number of Ballou's Magazine is issued, and a careful examination of its contents shows us that it is the usual beautiful, the unrivaled for amusing the public. There is such a variety in its contents, that every one can find some article that will please them. Boys will delight in the sea yarns and adventures, ladies in the love stories, gentlemen in the historical tales, and the sentimental in poetry.

Ballou's Magazine contains 100 pages of reading matter, yet it is sold for only fifteen cents per copy, or $1.50 per year; the cheapest publication in the country. Yet in the face of all this, the publishers give some of the best premiums that were ever offered for clubs of subscribers. Send for a list and see. Thomes & Talbot, publishers, 36 Bromfield street, Boston.

The Phrenological Journal for March has been received. Its contents more than confirm our high opinion of that magazine's character.—The very instructive articles on "Fish Culture in America," and "Agricultural Fever" are alone worth more than a year's subscription. But besides these there is a long list of readable matter. Attorney-General Williams; Expression; Harriet Hosmer; Our Horse Cars; Will it Pay? Writing for the Press; The Arctic Regions; James Fisk, Jr.; Lord Brougham a Ghost; Rev. George H. Hepworth, etc., with fine portraits and numerous illustrations. Price 30 cts., or $3 a year. S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

ROLL ON! great Pill of Ayer, roll on!
Through miles embowelled roll!
Roll on!
Through those whose livers chafe the soul!
Through those whose feeble stomachs fail!
Through consumptives waxen pale!
Through all who live in aches and ail!
Ever roll on!
Roll o'er the prairies of the nation,—
For the sick and ill of every station!
Roll down the Andes' snow covering mountains!
Roll over Africa's golden fountains!
Through India and the Chersonese!
Through distant isles of Japanese!
Wherever dwells a sinking heart!
Roll on to do your might part!
Ayer's Pills, roll on!—Putnam for Oct.

—USE NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.
—It is the best.
—Contains nothing injurious.
—Clear as crystal.
—No sediment or filth.
—Does not stain the skin.
—Elegantly perfumed.
—Restores gray hair.
—Prevents the hair from falling off.
—See advertisement for particulars.
—Sold by Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg.

IT COSTS NOTHING to go to James J. Murphy's store and purchase clothing, because a man always gains more than he expends. It is like buying a lottery ticket and drawing a prize.—Mr. Murphy still continues to entertain customers at his old favorite business place, No. 109 Clinton street, Johnstown. Having just received a new and splendid stock of ready-made clothing, he invites every body to call at the Star Clothing Store and buy some of the very cheapest and best clothing in the market.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.—Knowing how to sell dry goods is knowledge. John J. Murphy knows how to sell dry goods: *ergo*, John J. Murphy is an intelligent man. This is no silly gush, but a fact well known to thousands of people who carry away thousands of dollars' worth of dry goods from the Mansion House corner, Johnstown. The Spring styles are already here, and it will afford Mr. Murphy great pleasure to exhibit his fine stock of dry goods to all wishing to buy. Dress up now and save money.

DID it ever occur to you, dear reader, that right here in Ebensburg we have as proficient and accomplished a photograph artist as any of the large towns can boast of? If the thought hasn't heretofore struck you, the present is a very good time to make up your mind on that subject; but don't jump at conclusions until you visit Spence's elegant Photograph Gallery and have a dozen or two *carte de visites* or other gems of the art, taken in that gentleman's unsurpassable style.

[*Written for the Cambria Freeman.*]

A LEGEND.

A mountain steep above the plain uprears
Its giant form. Thereon, in long past years,
A hoary hermit many a season dwelt,
No need of human fellowship had felt.
His days in prayers and fasts severe,
For love of God much more than sin-brought fear.
The brightness of his virtue, long concealed,
It pleased our Lord at length should be revealed.
Not long it took to hear in distant lands
The wondrous blessings God gave through his hands.
No more upon the rugged steep remained
The awful stillness that so long had reigned.
From every quarter eagerly there came
The sick, the blind, the stricken, and the lame;
Whate'er the ill to which poor flesh is heir—
Each suffering mortal did to him repair.
Of all that to the saintly hermit prayed,
Not one retired but thankful for his aid;
Thus were his years of toil by priceless gifts repaid.

Whilst thus his days in mercy's works took flight,
Short were his slumbers, long his prayers at night.
How sweet the silent hours—too swift, alas!—
That saw the raptured saint in prayers did pass!
What tongue can tell the joys his soul then felt
Of union close in which with God he dwelt?
The angels bright around him loved to throng,
To hear his love of God break forth in song;
And in return, his exiled heart to cheer,
They sing him songs that saints alone can hear.

Whilst thus at dead of night, in darkness deep,
The holy hermit once did vigils keep,
From highest heaven softly winged his way
The brightest of the Seraphs, Elva.
Now stood he near the saint, in robes of white,
And touched his eyes, and thus increased his sight.

Far, far away, the angel's touch reveals
The form of one who near an altar kneels.
The tapers burning on the altar shed
A twilight solemn o'er the virgin's head.
The place, the posture, moving lips declare
That to the Lord she utters now her prayer.
Whilst on this hallowed scene the hermit dwells,
And on his soul the sweet example tells.
He finds himself from this fair prospect torn,
As onwards by the Seraph he is borne
Into another place, quite different far,
That on his prayerful soul doth sadly jar.
Within a chamber sits a busy maid,
In raiment neat, not rich, is she arrayed.
Whilst eyes and hands are on her work employed,
She looks as if her soul sweet peace enjoyed;
A cheerful smile lights up her gentle face—
Within reigns virtue and without shines grace.
Which others deep in sleep now buried lie,
Unwearied still she does her needle ply.
Nor seeks repose, nor from her work unbends,
Nor cheerful toils until her task she ends.
At length the finished dress she holds to view—
If not the richest, 'tis both gay and new—
And then contentedly unto her rest withdrew.

These were the scenes the Seraph Prince displayed,
On which the pondering hermit's mind delayed.
What wonder, then, was his when asked, "Who prayed—
The kneeling virgin or the telling maid?"
At once he silence broke, and thus replied,
"Twas she who doth in God's own house abide."
"The kneeling virgin many a *prayer* had said,"
The sitting maiden working late had *prayed*,"
The Seraph said; whereat the hermit cried:
"How can this be whilst eagerly she plied
Her needle on the dress o'er which she toiled?"
"E'en so," the Seraph said, "for sleep bespoiled
The maiden still, amid her work, had prayed—
'Twas for an orphan child the bright new dress she made."

[*Written for the Freeman.*]

SCENES IN COURT—Continued.

BY ROB ROY, ESQ.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Dist. Att'y—Court please, we now will try a case
Which happened lately in this place:
One M. P. M. did cruelly beat——
Judge—Hold! hold! my friend, I do entreat!—
That case is compromised.

STEALING ICE.

Dist. Att'y—Then may it please your honor, but one case
Remains upon my list. Near by this place,
On Huckleberry creek, near Huckleberry town,
In Huckleberry county, this man was found
Deliberately stealing ice, from the aforesaid creek.

The *piscary* law doth thuswise speak—
I read it from a printed book:
"*No man shall take with net or hook.*"
This man did literally *hook* this ice
With iron *hook*, and against my advice.
He must be taught to respect this brook.
Judge—This act, I know, was rather *cool*,
But I know of no law or rule
Which will prevent his taking ice,
With *net* or *hook*, 'gainst your advice.
Suppose he did. I cannot brook
To let you *hook* him with your *hook*,
And while you may an action bring,
I will not let you have more string,
But will dismiss the case, in fine,
If we should lose both *hook* and *line*.
Crier, adjourn this court, *sine die*.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING!—*Great Reduction of Stock and Prices.*—Being determined to reduce our assortment to the lowest possible point before TAKING STOCK, we have gone over all our goods and MARKED DOWN THE PRICES to figures that are bound to sell them. Many articles have been reduced to cost, and others below cost.

Have a very handsome line of Double and Single Shawls; also, Paisley, Broche and Thibet Shawls—all of which must be sold, even at a sacrifice.

A large stock of White and colored Blankets, Bradle's and other makes of Barred Flannels, Cassimeres, Dress Goods, Silks, Gloves, Hosiery, Muslins, Calicoes, Furnishing and Millinery Goods, and other merchandise in great variety—all bought this season and now selling at Panic Prices at

GEIS & FOSTER'S

Popular Dry Goods Store, Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton Street, Johnstown, Pa.

HICKEY'S FURNITURE WAREROOMS.

John Hickey, Undertaker, on Julian street, Fourth Ward, Altoona, is prepared to supply Metallic Burial Cases of all sizes and patterns, and on reasonable terms.

Mr. Hickey keeps constantly on hand a large stock of new and fashionable furniture, and those who require anything in his line should give him a call. Every article sent from his rooms will be warranted as represented.

Hair and Straw Mattresses manufactured to order at less than city prices.

Cane seat chairs re-caned and fitted up as good as new.

All orders from a distance promptly attended to. [jul.13.-tf.]

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge,) with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. Parties wishing the prescription will please address

11-11.-1y. REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
261 South Third St., Williamsburgh, N. Y

WAR WITH ENGLAND will not raise to price of Geis & Ruth's beautiful, bright, rich and rare patterns of gilt Wall Papers, as they purchase all their stock for cash. They have paid more for their huge assortment of elegant Paper Hangings than England will ever pay for the Alabama claims. Call and see Geis & Ruth, on Clinton street, Johnstown, and take with you a little money, and in coming away don't fail to bear with you a bountiful supply of fancy wall papers, borders, pretty pictures, flashy frames, or other articles from among the lots of nice things there to be had cheap.

MAYER'S STORE, No. 214 Main street, Johnstown, presents a scene daily much like an election window on an election day. People are continually coming and going, and in going carry away men's and boys' superb clothing in profusion. And such a large stock! One has to look three times in a minute to see the half of it. And the proprietor does sell cheap and no mistake. There you can get anything in the clothing line that can be purchased in the Eastern cities, and just as cheap and good too.

THE BOROUGH ELECTION in Johnstown has had the effect of creating quite a number of sore heads, figuratively speaking; nevertheless Messrs. Hess & Co. still deal in the very best clothing that ever was or ever will be, and which they continue to sell at their store, 241 Main st., at astonishingly low prices. This firm is now pushing off ready-made clothing at a tremendous rate, in order to make room for several thousand dollars' worth of goods. Buy now if you wish to get more than your money's worth.

THAT SHOW.—Take a glance at the show window of Butler & Aldendifer, No. 212 Main street, Johnstown. The artificial flowers there shine like a garden of phlox, pansies and violets.—Butler & Aldendifer have a tremendous array of dry goods, and these goods are going like hot cakes on a frosty morning, though not in the same direction. Ladies who wish to dress neatly and elegantly at a small cost, and that means all, should not fail to visit this store. If they do they will be pleased with goods and prices.

WAR! WAR! WAR!—Now is the time to buy a new hat or cap at Cohen's Hat Parlor, No. 227 Main street, Johnstown, before the war with England raises the prices. Think of this. Remember how prices went up before the war of the rebellion closed, and remember that another war may break out at any time. A war of races to Cohen's Hat Parlor is looked for which may exterminate all the masculine head coverings in that popular establishment. Cohen has also the cheapest furs in the county.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is an excellent dressing and tonic for the hair and makes the hair grow thick.

OBITUARY.

DALEY.—Died, in Washington township, on Tuesday evening last, of consumption, Mr. John Daley, a very worthy and exemplary young man, brother of Mrs. John Rodgers, of this place, aged about 24 years.

HUGHES.—Died, in Iowa City, on the 18th ult., of congestion of the brain, William R., son of E. Hughes, Esq., formerly of this place, aged 18 years.

CARPENTER.—Died, on the 24th inst., near Summerhill, of scarlet fever, George Carpenter, aged 19 years.

ROBERTS.—Died, in Cambria twp., on Sunday last, of scarlet fever, Eliza, daughter of Robert W. and Rachel Roberts, aged 3 years and 6 months.

HUMPHREYS.—Died, in Cambria twp., on the 14th ult., of scarlet fever, Margaret, daughter of William and Ann Humphreys, aged 7 years and 5 months.

DAVIS.—Died, in Blacklick twp., on the 26th ult., Edward Davis, aged about 70 years.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE—

Estate of PATRICK MALOY, dec'd.

Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary on the estate of Patrick Maloy, late of Ebensburg, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Wills of Cambria county. Those indebted to said estate will please make payment immediately, and parties having claims will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARGARET GURLEY.

Ebensburg, March 2, 1872.-6t.

AGENTS WANTED.

Wanted Immediately, four active, energetic men, to act as Agents for the

"NEW" Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine

IN THIS COUNTY. Only such men as can give good reference as to character and ability, and furnish a Bond, need apply. We will pay GUARANTEED SALARIES, or LIBERAL commissions, to PROPER MEN. Only such men as *really desire* to enter the business need apply. WM. SUMNER & CO., No. 140 Wood St., PITTSBURGH, PA.

NOW IS THE TIME!

WANTED,

Good Reliable Agents,

TO SELL THE

NEW UNDER FEED

WILSON

SEWING MACHINE!

in THIS COUNTY. Best Machine in the World. Best Selling Machine in Market. Price, complete, $45.00. Written warrantee for five years. Apply immediately to

SMITH & FORRESTER,

[3-2.-3m.] 14 Sixth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Agents Wanted

—FOR THE—

FLORENCE

Sewing Machine.

Wherever the FLORENCE Machine has been introduced, it has met with the greatest success. It is the only machine making four different stitches and having the reversible Feed. The machinery is perfect, and the motions positive. It runs light, and very fast, and sews coarse or fine fabrics. The Hemmer will turn wide or narrow hems, and fells beautifully. All attachments go with the machine.

For information apply to or address

HECKERT & McKAIN,

No. 8 Sixth Street,

March 2, 1872.-3m. PITTSBURGH

COUNTRY MERCHANTS!

Are requested to read the following list of

SPECIAL PRICES

in our Wholesale Department, and order accordingly.

4-4 Penn Mill	No. 1 Sheeting,	13½ cts.
4-4 Anchor	No. 1 "	13½ "
4-4 Heavy	Standard "	11½ "
4-4 Imperial	"	10½ "
4-4 Avondale	"	9¾ "
4-4 Red Bank,	Bleached,	11½ "
4-4 Carrolton	"	11½ "
4-4 Vaughan	"	11½ "
4-4 Hope	"	13½ "
4-4 Congress	"	12½ "
4-4 Peabody	"	13½ "

Lancaster Ginghams,

The Best and Choicest Styles, at 13½ cts.

Good American Ginghams, 10 Cents.
Heavy Domestic " 11½ "

American, Cocheco, Merrimac, Dunnel, Sprague, Pacific, Simpson's, Hartel's & Allen's Prints, Splendid Styles at Agent's Prices.

A large and well selected Stock of

CASSIMERES and DRESS GOODS

At less than Jobbers' prices, and goods cut in lengths to suit purchasers.

☞ Goods are rapidly advancing, and the above are PRESENT PRICES ONLY.

A. W. Erwin & Co.,

172 and 174 Federal St.

ALLEGHENY, PA.

IMPROVED ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE.

WITH THE

NEW DRAW FEED,

Has just been received, and is now the BEST FAMILY MACHINE in the market. It makes the

Lock Stitch, is Simple, Noiseless, Easily Operated,

and very effective. We want GOOD SEWING MACHINE AGENTS in all unoccupied territory, to whom we will give the most liberal terms. The *ELLIPTIC* is the EASIEST MACHINE TO SELL in the market.

HOWARD EATON & CO.

General Agents,

17 FIFTH AVENUE,

Feb. 24, 1872.-3m. PITTSBURGH

M. WHITMORE, THOS. H. LANE, CHAS. T. NEALE,
C. H. WOLFF, JNO. D. CHERRY.

WHITMORE, WOLFF, LANE & CO.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

HARDWARE,

Sign of the Anvil, No. 50 Wood St.,

(Three doors above St. Charles Hotel,)

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Invite the attention of buyers to their Spring Stock, which, in selection and price, is unsurpassed in the country.

They are Agents for American File Company's celebrated Files and Rasps, Rubber Belting and Packing, Wilson, Hawksworth, Ellison & Co.'s English Steel, Pittsburgh Steel, Locks, Shovels, &c.—Sold at manufacturers' prices. [2-24.-3m.]

PIANOS, $300. ORGANS, $45,

No one should be without Piano or Organ, when, by saying $5 or $6 per week, you can buy such instruments as *Decker & Barnes'* unrivaled Pianos, *Hallet, Davis & Co.'s* and *Brad ford & Co.'s* Pianos, and the unequaled *Taylor & Farley Celestes Organs*. Old instruments taken in part payment for new ones. *Monthly payments taken.* Special rates to *Preachers, Churches, S. Schools* and *Teachers*. Send for circular or call on S. HAMILTON & CO., 51 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Feb. 24, 1872.-1m.

New Advertisements.

SIGHTS AND SENSATIONS OF NEW YORK.

A WORK DESCRIPTIVE of the CITY OF NEW YORK in all its VARIOUS PHASES.

Its splendors and wretchedness; its high and low life; its marble palaces and dark dens; its attractions and dangers; the strange and dramatic; its leading men and politicians; its adventurers; its charities; its mysteries and crimes. Illustrated with Nearly 250 Fine Engravings.

AGENTS WANTED.—Send for circulars and see our terms and a full description of the work. Address *National Publishing Co., Philad'a, Pa.*

HISTORY OF

The Great Fires

In the EAST and the WEST by Rev. E. J. GOODSPEED, D.D., of Chicago. Only complete history. 700 8vo. pages; 60 engravings. 70,000 already sold. Price $2.50. 2000 agents made in 20 days. Profits go to sufferers. AGENTS WANTED. H. S. GOODSPEED & CO., 37 Park Row, N. York.

CELTIC WEEKLY.

The greatest illustrated Original Story Paper in America. Eight New Original Stories in first number. No literary treat equal to it. Agents and Canvassers wanted in every town and city of the Union. $10 a week easily realized by the sale of this extraordinary Irish and American Journal. Specimen copies free. For sale by all newsdealers. Price, 6c.; $2.50 per year. Address H. J. O'LEARY & CO., P.O. Box 6,054, New York.

WHAT TO READ AND HOW TO READ!

Being classified lists of Choice Reading, with appropriate Hints and Remarks, adapted to the General Reader, to subscribers, and to persons intending to form collections of Books. 1 vol. 12 mo. 152 pages. Price, 70 cents. Sent free by mail on receipt of the price. D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, New York.

EXTRAORDINARY IMPROVEMENTS

—IN—

CABINET ORGANS

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

I am an old man. Ten years ago I attained the allotted term of man's existence, three score years and ten. During fifty-five of those years I was actively engaged in the linen trade. I successively occupied the position of working-man, book-keeper, junior partner and head of the establishment. The events of the last twenty years seem forgotten like the years before the flood; but the days of my life half a century ago, with all their labors, sorrows and joys, are as fresh in my recollection as on the day succeeding their occurrence. In this, my happy solitude, I live retired. My surviving children have all gone to distant lands.

Here, still united to the dear partner of my life, who has shared with me the events to which I allluded, I am passing through the closing scenes of my earthly pilgrimage. Nearly all I ever see now of the outer world is the waving of the laurel trees from my chamber windows and almost all I hear is the distant sound of the engine in the works where my life has been spent, and which is continued by young hands with as much regularity and success as if I had never been born. I also hear at stated hours, and sometimes get a momentary glance of the passing train on the railroad in the valley below, and fancy it resembles my life. It is seen, it is heard, it is looked upon for a brief period, then it passes away from our sight and leaves no trace behind.

In my early days the linen trade was different from that of the present time. Then the spinning of the yarn, and the weaving of it, were performed in the cottages of Ulster. In every dwelling the cheerful sounds of the spinning wheel and shuttle were heard. The markets of the north of Ireland were where the brown linen webs were sold to the linen merchants. Now the spinning and weaving are performed by machinery in huge factories, and country markets are no longer the places where rural manufacturers and merchants meet to sell and buy their merchandise. In those days, every merchant in the linen trade attended the markets of the surrounding country to buy his goods, and would frequently be absent from home many days in succession.

Once while commencing a mercantile tour of this kind, with two thousand pounds in my pocket, I stopped all night, by invitation, at the home of Mr. Robert Thompson, an intimate friend of mine, who was then an extensive linen bleacher at Wulf Glen, some nine miles from here. I had often before been the guest of this gentleman, and he and his family had as often been welcome visitors at my house. About this time it was whispered that he was financially embarrassed; some visionary speculation had been attended with heavy loss, and he was believed to be destitute of the means to carry on his business. Shortly after my arrival at his house, he took me to his stable and showed me a beautiful pair of horses he had lately bought. From thence we went to look at a new and elegant carriage which had been added to his rolling stock. I congratulated him upon the recent purchases and was happy to see such evidences of wealth and prosperity.

"You regard this in its true light," he said. "No gentleman can afford such things except he be a man of wealth. There is not a nobleman in Belfast who has a finer turnout than I have."

We then retired to a private office, where my friend desired to consult me on some matters of business. He then informed me that his trade was never in so flourishing a condition as at that time. He had made more than in all his previous life. In a few days he would receive bills of exchange from New York for £10,000, the proceeds of goods he had exported some ten months previous.

"In fact," he continued, "I hold these letters saying that the bills will be remitted by the next packet. I am not in need of money at present, but as I desire to keep a good balance to my credit in bank, I wish you to accommodate me by accepting this bill for £2,500. The bank will discount it, and perhaps next week I will return you the money to meet the payment, so that you will be the gainer, and not I. Don't you see that it will be for your own benefit?"

I inquired what was the nature of the transaction between us that required this bill to balance it. He replied:

"There is none; it is only an accommodation to me to place the amount to my credit in the bank. Just as soon as I receive the bills from New York I will return the money and you can use it in your own business until the payment becomes due."

A bill of this kind, given merely to borrow money on, is called a kite. I never knew one of them to be used except by men on the eve of bankruptcy. I saw the whole transaction at once. Mr. Thompson was in a great financial difficulty, and he was too proud to confess it. His recent extravagance in living was only to conceal his embarrassment. If I accepted this bill, the evil day awaiting him might be postponed, but would not be prevented. In the end I would be certain to lose all the money which my signature would enable him to procure. I therefore gave him a firm and decided refusal. All his pleadings and entreaties could not move me, and he finally gave up his importunities to ponder upon some new scheme.

We then withdrew to the house, and soon sat down to supper. Wine was afterwards introduced, and some "mountain dew," the production of a secluded glen in the neighborhood, and which was guiltless of the inspection of any officer of his majesty's service. The two daughters of Mr. Thompson, and a lady visitor, entertained the company with most favorite airs on the piano. Several songs were sung, and it was not until the watchman, making his accustomed inspection outside, told the hour of retiring, that I thought of going to my bed room. Mr. Thompson conducted me to my chamber, and placing a candle on the table, bade me good night, closed the door, and departed down stairs.

While I undressed and extinguished the light, I heard the distant sound of the church clock of Belfast chime the midnight hour, and the shout, "Past twelve!" from fifty voices, came faintly from the guardians of the night. I slept soundly for a few hours, until some dream awakened a train of ideas that aroused me. At this moment I heard, or fancied I heard, the low and cautious sound of footsteps approaching my door. I was wide awake in an instant, and slightly raising my head, waited for a repetition of the sound. Nothing, however, broke the silence of the hour save the ticking of my watch and the distant barking of the watch dog. In a few moments, however, I distinctly heard a feeble sound of steady pressure on the lock. The door opened slowly, a light shone into my room from the outside, and a man entered, carrying in his left hand a small lantern and in his right a short dagger.

I at once recognized the intruder as Mr. Thompson, my host. Believing that my safety lay in keeping quiet, I feigned sleep, partially closing my eyes, yet still able to discern the movements of my nocturnal visitor. I saw him cautiously approach my bed and look steadily at me. I could plainly see in his face a determination to commit crime. In that fearful moment, when a single movement might cost me my life, I could not avoid feeling greatly astonished that a merchant of high standing should be placed in the position I now beheld him. Mr. T., appearing satisfied that I was asleep, placed the lantern on the floor, and took from the breast pocket of my coat the two thousand pounds I had with me. He again turned the light towards me, placed the money in his own pocket, grasped the dagger, and gently withdrew, looking the while steadily in my face. The door was then closed in the same cautious manner with which it had been opened.

I now breathed a little more freely. The imminent peril in which my life had been placed was for a time removed, but I feared there was a possibility of the robber returning, (for robber I must now call him,) and completing his crime by taking my life, to prevent any exposure of his deed. The silent hours till the dawn of day were passed by me with much anxiety. I had prepared myself boldly to seize the villain should he visit me a second time, and arouse every inmate in the house. But he did not return. At length the light of returning day beamed through the window, the occasional sound of footsteps on the outside and the voices of men indicated the approach of returning labor. The bell of the bleach green rang the hour of six o'clock, the loud sound of the engines awoke the echoes of the glen, and the long, anxious night had passed away. But the event was a subject of grave astonishment to me. Here was a man of high social standing, of character hitherto unblemished, whom the whole mercantile community in the north of Ireland would have pronounced a man of strict integrity, now become a robber, and, had it been deemed necessary, would have become a murderer. I considered well what was the best course for me to pursue, and, having determined upon that which I deemed best, I arose and dressed.

When the tinkling of the breakfast bell summoned me down stairs, the family were assembled in the dining room, and greeted me cordially. Mr. Thompson seemed slightly agitated at first, but recovered his self possession in an instant, and talked in his usual free and easy manner to all in the room. A desire to conceal embarrassment evidently made him more profuse in his conversation, so that a close discerner would have discovered that something unusual had broken the ordinary condition of his mind. When breakfast was over, I requested my horse to be brought out, put on my overcoat and hat, and took leave of the ladies. Having mounted the saddle, Mr. Thompson walked leisurely beside me to the gateway, talking with apparent ease all the time.—Then he tried to put an end to the conversation by holding out his hand and bidding me good morning. My opportunity had now come. Said I:

"Mr. Thompson, that little joke of yours has been carried far enough. I hope you enjoyed it. I did not mention it before, as I was anxious to give you as much pleasure in it as I could spare; but time is passing. I must go back at once. Give me back what you have."

"I beg your pardon," said he. "I do not understand what you say."

I repeated my words, adding in a firm voice—

"Give me my money!"

'What joke do you refer to, Greer?" he asked. "I am unable to comprehend your meaning."

"I mean those two thousand pounds you took out of my coat pocket during the night, or rather this morning, when you supposed I was asleep. Be assured I was then as fully awake as I am now. I saw you with the dagger and the little lantern. Nothing escaped my notice. It is useless to talk any longer about it. I want my money at once. Remember, however, I still regard it as a joke."

"Why, Greer, you amaze me," he replied. "Have you really lost your money?"

"That won't do, Thompson," I rejoined. "You are carrying this joke too far. Give me back my money, for you have it, and you know it, or abide the consequences."

"Greer," he replied, "you are either joking or you are mad. If you have lost your purse you must either have left it at home, behind you, or dropped it on the road coming."

"Now, Thompson," said I, "we will parley no longer. If you do not instantly restore the money, you will be arrested for robbery within ten minutes. I will be sure to obtain it then. But, remember, the public and a criminal court will not believe it a joke, but a deliberate attempt to steal."

He now grew pale, and staggered back to the paling for support. Making a feeble attempt to recover his self-possession, he tried to force a loud laugh from his lips, but the effort miserably failed. He stammered out at length, in broken words:

'I was only in jest—only trying to frighten you, Greer. You know me too well to suppose I intended to keep your money. I never meant to do so. No, no; it was only a little harmless amusement. Wait for a moment."

Saying this, he went rapidly to the stable yard, passing out of my sight. In a few minutes he returned and gave me back my money. He then entreated me not to speak of this transaction, as some people might imagine he actually wanted to steal. I promised to conceal his guilt as long as he lived.

"If I die before you," I said, "the secret will die with me; but if I survive you I am free to tell it to whom I please. I will promise you this and nothing more."

I took no further farewell, but departed from that house forever, and rode to a distant market town to execute the business which had called me from home.

You may have some desire to know what became of this man afterwards. His character which hitherto had been deemed fair seemed gradually to take a downward course. Step by step, he sank lower and lower in the ways of evil and iniquity. For two years he was continually occupied and perplexed by two great undertakings. First, to sustain his nominal standing as a merchant in the commercial world; and, second, to conceal from everybody a knowledge of his real condition. His bills for heavy amounts were becoming due, and he had no means to pay them. Nothing could save him from bankruptcy but mortgaging his whole establishment for its full value. This he accomplished with a banking house, securing a loan that placed him once more in apparent affluence and ability to meet his payments. But his estate was virtually the property of others. In a few months he was as needy as ever.

To aid him in his difficulties he embarked successively in various kinds of business—outside speculations, in connection with other parties. He found different pretexts for withholding a money investment in these schemes. They were commenced in the greedy expectation of obtaining possession of money belonging to other parties, while the others were equally bent upon fleecing him out of the wealth of which he boasted. All these schemes utterly failed. He refused to pay the debts that had been contracted, denying his liability. Lawsuits ensued, and for years the civil calendar of the assizes had his name either as plaintiff or defendant in several causes. At length he disputed, on some frivolous ground or other, every claim made on him for payment of a debt. His real object was to delay, if not entirely escape, the day of payment. Every merchant in the community not only declined doing business with such a man, but shunned his society.

Abandoned by his former friends, he sought new ones in ale houses of bad reputation, among the dissipated characters that frequent such places. When his business and work came to a stand still, for want of funds, he made one last desperate effort to retrieve his ruined fortunes. An old Shylock negotiated a loan with him, at usurious interest, taking as security a bill of sale upon all his goods chattels, merchandise and furniture. This enabled him for a short time to put his machinery in motion. Once more his bleach green resumed operation. No sooner were his goods finished than they were shipped to a mercantile house in New York for sale on commission. By hard struggling he kept his works going about six months. But in this period he passed thro' such troubles—both domestic and financial—as seldom fall to the lot of man. Both of his daughters died with consumption.—His suits at law all terminated against him, and executions upon and seizure of his goods succeeded. The great fire in New York, on the 16th of December, 1835, which laid fifty-two acres of the richest part of that noble city in ashes, brought desolation and ruin to many happy homes. On this side of the Atlantic the calamity was severely felt. All the goods of Thompson, stored there on commission, were consumed; the devouring elements swept away at once all he had accumulated to discharge his new liabilities. All his chattel property was seized and removed by the ruthless money-lender, and the bank took possession of his farm, works and dwelling. Turned out of his home by the stern officers of the law, he and his wife went forth alone into the world, without a home, without a friend, and without a shilling.

If a good man meets with adversity he naturally expects the sympathy, pity and aid of his friends; but, instead of this, he sees nothing but the cold shoulder and hears nothing but scorn and reproach. None are so poor as to recognize him. When a bad man becomes reduced from riches to poverty, the world hails his down fall with exultation and the summer friends of other years often openly insult him. Repulsed at every door, Thompson and his wife at last found an asylum in the old poor house. There, as paupers, they ended their days—she within twelve months, and he at the end of ten years.

Salt as a Preventative of Small Pox.—Dr. Carl Both, in an article in January number of "Good Health," has the following "sure preventive" of small-pox: A due proportion of salt, eaten regularly every day, in connection with all articles of albuminous food, meat, flour, etc., will render the body invulnerable to small-pox, especially if the following and like articles of diet are added:

"Good course flour, containing good and undecomposed gluten, not too many eggs, not too much candy or sugar in any form, particularly in connection with the use of albuminous food, the occasional use of acid, fresh fruits, onions, or horse radish, mustard, or something of similar character: these being necessary for properly balanced blood in our state of civilization.

Since this rule is in no way injurious on the one hand, and on the other is, as we maintain, an absolute preventive, we think it should not altogether escape the notice of the reader.

In another part of the article he mentions that the sudden, excessive use of salt may induce the appearance of the disease.

Cherishing an Illusion.—The last tale of man's unfaithfulness to man comes from Selma, Alabama. On the first of January, 1871, a syndicate of young men was formed, one of whom, the most trustworthy of them all, was appointed treasurer. They then signed a temperance pledge and agreed to deposit on the first day of each month $10 each, to be divided at the end of the year among those members who remained faithful to their obligation. One by one they fainted and fell, until at the expiration of the specified time there was only one who had not yielded to the liquid temptation. He repaired at the hour of noon on New Year's day at the appointed place of rendezvous to receive the $1,440 which he had so nobly earned. But the other reelevers were not there, so, full of fiery thirst, he hastened to a neighboring saloon to take his first nip for a twelvemonth. He had partially swallowed it when ten of his colleagues entered, and revealed to him the horrifying fact that his watch was twenty minutes too fast. He, too, had fallen, and the vision of a well-filled pocket-book vanished. The eleven then repaired to the office of the treasurer, only to learn that he had lost all the money playing draw-poker with one of the church trustees. An effort is now being made to keep the sorrowful story out of the epapers.—*Troy Times.*

Weather Wisdom—Past and Present. As compared with many of their predecessors in the matter of snow, the past several winters have been lilliputs. On the morning of April 22d, 1801, there was a snow of eighteen inches; on May 11, 1803, one two inches deep; on March 31, 1807, the deepest of the winter; November 6, 1807, one of the most violent storms (nine inches deep) that had been known for many years; on March 30, 1823, snow fell to the depth of fifteen inches, the deepest of that season; between Christmas and New Years of 1830, it commenced snowing on Friday at 3 o'clock and continued until Monday morning. The snow on a level was about forty-two inches deep. That winter nearly all the game perished from cold and starvation. On November 17, 1831, winter set in with a snow fifteen inches, which lasted until the February following, the weather continuing very cold. On March 16, 1843, snow to the depth of twenty four inches covered the ground.

About a Pig.—The citizens of Hawkins county, Tenn., are much exercised over a dead pig, about which the Rogersville Reporter asks a credulous generation to believe: "Like other pigs, its head was regularly formed, with the exception of the ears. Of these it had three, two coming out naturally and the odd irregular one being situated in the centre of the back part of the head, near its juncture with the neck. Its neck was unusually large. Its shoulders were double. Two fore feet projected upward from the back and two were naturally pendent.—From the shoulders backward were the bodies of two pigs, having two backbones, which were ranged in a line below and at right angles to the bodies. This unnatural production was dead when found and was of the masculine gender."

Something Worth Knowing.—It is worth while to know how to stop bleeding from the nose when it becomes excessive. If the finger is pressed firmly upon the little artery which supplies blood to the side of the face affected, the result is accomplished. The small arteries, branching up from the main arteries on each side of the neck, and passing over the outside of the jaw bone, supply the face with blood. If the nose bleeds from the right nostril, for example, pass the finger along the edge of the right jaw till the beating of the artery is felt.—Press hard upon it and the bleeding will cease. Continue the pressure five minutes, until the ruptured vessel in the nose has time to contract.—Louisville Chronicle.

THOMAS CARLAND,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

GROCERIES AND QUEENSWARE,

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

STATIONERY AND NOTIONS,

FISH, SALT, SUGAR CURED MEATS,

BACON, FLOUR,

FEED AND PROVISIONS,

1323 Eleventh Avenue,

Between 13th and 14th Sts., Altoona.

All such goods as Spices, Brushes, Wood and Willow Ware, Shoe Blacking and Stationery will be sold from manufacturer's printed price lists, and all other goods in my line at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh current prices. To dealers I present the peculiar advantage of saving them all freight and drayage, as they are not required to pay freights from the principal cities and no drayage charges are made. Dealers may rest assured that my goods are of the best quality and my prices as moderate as city rates. By doing a fair, upright business, and by promptly and satisfactorily filling all orders, I hope to merit the patronage of retail dealers and others in Cambria county and elsewhere. Orders respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. THOMAS CARLAND.

Altoona, July 29, 1869.-tf.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.,

WASHINGTON STREET,

Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

MILLINERY GOODS,

HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS,
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,

PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,

Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

GEO. C. K. ZAHM.....JAS. B. ZAHM

ZAHM & SON,

—DEALERS IN—

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES GENERALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

Store on South Side of Main Street,

Ebensburg, Pa.

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM.

WM. P. PATTON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

—ALL KINDS OF—

CABINET FURNITURE

Nos. 150 and 152 Iiaton Street,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus, Bedsteads, Washstands, Sideboards, Chamber Sets, Parlor Sets, Wardrobes, Book Cases, Lounges, Cane Chairs, Wood Seat hair s, Kitchen Furniture, Bed Lounges, Mattresses, Tete-a-Tetes, Extension Tables, Dining Tables, Cupboards.

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c.. &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE

made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and hairmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge. WM. P. PATTON.

Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

Geis & Foster,

Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton Street,

Johnstown, Pa.

Invite the attention of buyers to their large and elegant stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

CONSISTING OF

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS,
MILLINERY GOODS, FANCY GOODS
CARPETS, OIL OIL CLOTHS, &c.,

AT EVERY PRICE!

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY, High street, (opposite Union School House,) West Ward, Ebensburg, Pa.—M. M. O'NEILL, Proprietor. *Saddles and Harness* made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. [1-12.-tf.]

GEO. W. OATMAN.....J. GALLITZIN LAKE.

OATMAN & LAKE,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Prompt attention given to CLAIMS of all kind in Cambria county, and throughout the United States and Canadas. [Feb. 10.-ly.*]

WM. H. SECHLER, Ebensburg. T. R. SCANLAN, Carrolltown.

SECHLER & SCANLAN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Advice given in English and German.

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up-stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

F. A. SHOEMAKER.....GEO. A. BERRY.

SHOEMAKER & BERRY,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

March 11, 1871. *EBENSBURG, PA.*

JOHN P. LINTON, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in building southwest corner of Main and Franklin streets, second story. Entrance on Franklin street.

T. W. DICK, Attorney-at Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row.—All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. [10-14.tf.]

1872. WINTER. 1872.

I am now prepared to offer

SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS

TO CASH PURCHASERS OF

TIN, SHEET-IRON & COPPER WARE,

EITHER AT

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

My stock consists in part of every variety of

Tin, Sheet-Iron,

COPPER AND BRASS WARES,

ENAMELLED AND PLAIN

SAUCE-PANS, BOILERS, &c,

COAL SHOVELS, MINE LAMPS, OIL CANS, HOUSEFURNISHING HARDWARE OF EVERY KIND.

Spear's Anti-Dust

HEATING AND COOKING STOVES,

EXCELSIOR COOKING STOVES,

NOBLE, TRIUMPH AND PARLOR COOKING STOVES,

And any Cooking Stove desired I will get when ordered at manufacturer's prices.—Odd Stove Plates and Grates, &c., for repairs, on hand for the Stoves I sell; others will be ordered when wanted. Particular attention given to

Spouting, Valleys and Conductors,

all of which will be made out of best materials and put up by competent workmen.

Lamp Burners, Wick and Chimneys

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

I would call particular attention to the Light House Burner, with Glass Cone, for giving more light than any other in use. Also, the Paragon Burner, for Crude Oil.

SUGAR KETTLES AND CAULDRONS

of all sizes constantly on hand.

Special attention given to Jobbing in Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron, at lowest possible rates.

WHOLESALE MERCHANTS' LISTS now ready, and will be sent on application by mail or in person

Hoping to see all my old customers and many new ones this Spring, I return my most sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage I have already received, and will endeavor to please all who may call, whether they buy or not.

FRANCIS W. HAY.

Johnstown, March 7, 1867.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES

TO CASH CUSTOMERS!

AT THE EBENSBURG

HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a great reduction in prices to CASH BUYERS. My stock will consist, in part, of *Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves*, of the most popular kinds; *Tinware* of every description, of my own manufacture; *Hardware* of all kind, such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Table Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Pen and Pocket Knives in great variety, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops, Axes, Hatchets, Hammers, Boring Machines, Augers, Chissels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax Bristles, Clothes Wringers, Grind Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Horse Nails, Horse Shoes, Cast Steel, Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, &c., Odd Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern Pumps and Tubing; *Harness and Saddlery Ware* of all kind; *Wooden and Willow Ware* in great variety; Carbon Oil and Oil Lamps, Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Glassware, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.

FAMILY GROCERIES,

such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Fish, Hominy, Crackers, Rice and Pearl Barley; Soaps, Candles; TOBACCO and CIGARS; Paint, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe, Dusting, Varnish, Stove, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed Cords and Manilla Ropes, and many other articles at the lowest rates for CASH.

☞ *House Spouting* made, painted and put up at low rates for *cash*. A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware wholesale. GEO. HUNTLEY

Ebensburg, Feb, 28, 1867.-tf.

GEORGE W. YEAGER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

HEATING AND COOK STOVES

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE

OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE,

And GENERAL JOBBER in SPOUTING

and all other work in his line.

Virginia Street, near Caroline Street,

ALTOONA, PA.

The only dealer in the city having the right to sell the renowned "BARLEY SHEAF" COOK STOVE, the most perfect complete and satisfactory Stove ever introduced to the public.

STOCK IMMENSE. - PRICES LOW.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS!

BOOTS AND SHOES

For Men's and Boys' Wear.

The undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calfskin boots to the coarsest brogan, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

Ebensburg, April 28, 1869.

NATURE'S

HAIR RESTORATIVE

TRADE MARK. PATENTED.

Contains no LAC SULPHUR—No SUGAR OF LEAD—No LITHARGE—No NITRATE OF SILVER, and is entirely free from the Poisonous and Health-destroying Drugs used in other Hair Preparations.

Transparent and clear as crystal, it will not soil the finest fabric,—perfectly SAFE, CLEAN and EFFICIENT,—desideratums LONG SOUGHT FOR AND FOUND AT LAST.

It restores and prevents the Hair from becoming Gray, imparts a soft, glossy appearance, removes Dandruff, is cool and refreshing to the head, checks the Hair from falling off, and restores it to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents Headache, cures all humors, cutaneous eruptions, and unnatural heat. AS A DRESSING FOR THE HAIR IT IS THE BEST ARTICLE IN THE MARKET.

Dr. G. SMITH, Patentee, Ayer, Mass. Prepared only by PROCTOR BROTHERS, Gloucester, Mass. The genuine is put up in a panel bottle, made expressly for it, with the name of the article blown in the glass. Ask your Druggist for *NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE* and take no other.

☞ Send two three cent stamps to PROCTOR BROTHERS for a "Treatise on the Human Hair." The information it contains is worth $500 to any person.

☞ For sale by LEMMON & MURRAY, Druggists, &c., Ebensburg, Pa. [June 3, '71.-ly.]

Dr. Crook's WINE OF TAR Established 1862.

A remedy which has been tested for 10 years, and proved in thousands of cases, capable of curing all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs; performing many remarkable cures merits a trial from all who are suffering from similar affections and solicit speedy relief. Will you let prejudice prevent you from being cured also?

Coughs and Colds.—The Druggists say it cures them all.

Asthma.—The relief and cures of it are marvelous.

Bronchitis.—Every sufferer will find relief and cure.

Throat Ailments require only a few doses.

Lung Diseases.—Has cured cases pronounced incurable.

Debility.—It renovates and invigorates the system.

Liver Complaint.—Most effective regulator of this organ.

Dyspepsia.—Its healthy action on the stomach cures it.

Appetizer.—It is health-giving and appetite-restoring.

Urinary Organs.—Action there is marked and prompt.

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR is rich in the medicinal qualities of Tar, combined with vegetable ingredients of undoubted value, which make it unsurpassed, not only for the complaints enumerated but it rapidly restores exhausted strength, cleanses the Stomach, relaxes the Liver and puts them to work, causes the food to digest, and makes pure blood, and begets a vivacity appreciated by both sound and sick. If you are afflicted in any way, we know if you try the life-giving tonic properties of Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar, you will add your testimony to its great value in correcting any ills that flesh is heir to. Prepared only by OLIVER CROOK & CO. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

For Carefula, Scrofulous Tumors, Scrofulous Diseases of the Eyes, or Scrofula in any form, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best remedy. Eruptions of the Skin, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Tetter, Scald Head, Ulcers, and old Sores, or any disease depending on a depraved condition of the blood, take Dr. Crook's Compound Syrup of Poke Root. It is combined with the best tonic preparations of iron known, and is the best Alterative and Blood Purifier made. Cleanse your blood. Try one Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

Prepared only by OLIVER CROOK & CO., Dayton, O.

EXCURSION TICKET!

GOOD FOR NINETY DAYS.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

EBENSBURG TO SAN FRANCISCO,

AND RETURN.

☞ The person holding this Ticket is entitled to one First-class passage, on foot or horseback, to San Francisco and return, provided said person's Photograph is first taken at

SPENCE'S GALLERY,

HIGH STREET, EBENSBURG, PA.

GOOD FOR NINETY DAYS.

TICKET NO. [illegible]

Andrew Moses,

DRAPER & TAILOR,

CLINTON STREET,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

AUCTION! AUCTION!

HAVING been commissioned by Governor Geary to act as *AUCTIONEER* in and for the Borough of Ebensburg, I am now prepared to receive and sell at Public auction all kinds of Goods, Wares, Merchandise, &c., and also attend to the duties of Auctioneer at all sales of Lands, Tenements, Live Stock, Household Furniture, &c., &c., within the limits of said Borough. *Terms moderate.* Inquire at No. 100 High Street. M. L. OATMAN,

Ebensburg, pril 22, 1871.-tf.

LORETTO MARBLE WORKS,

PRICES REDUCED!

And Work Warranted!

MONUMENTS, TOMB STONES, BUREAU and TABLE TOPS, made of the finest Italian Marble and style of workmanship not surpassed by any manufacturer. Give me a call before deciding upon purchasing or ordering work elsewhere. JAMES WILKINSON.

Loretto, April 22, 1871.-tf.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!

131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.

MONUMENTS, HEAD AND TOMB STONES, COUNTER AND CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '71.-tf.]

MUSIC! MUSIC!!—The "SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH" will be prepared to give Lessons on the PIANO MELODEON or CABINET ORGAN at any time after Easter.

☞ For terms apply to the Superioress, Sister M. HORTENSE, or to Rev. R. C. CHRISTY Charges moderate.

Ebensburg, April 1, 1871.—tf.

LLOYD & CO., BANKERS,

EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

WM. M. LLOYD & CO,

BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA.

Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Monies received on deposit, payable on demand without interest or upon time with interest at fair rates.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER.

Every year increases the popularity of this valuable Hair Preparation; which is due to merit alone. We can assure our old patrons that it is kept fully up to its high standard; and it is the only reliable and perfected preparation for restoring GRAY OR FADED HAIR to its youthful color, making it soft, lustrous, and silken. The scalp, by its use, becomes white and clean. It removes all eruptions and dandruff, and, by its tonic properties, prevents the hair from falling out, as it stimulates and nourishes the hair-glands. By its use, the hair grows thicker and stronger. In baldness, it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, and will create a new growth, except in extreme old age. It is the most economical HAIR DRESSING ever used, as it requires fewer applications, and gives the hair a splendid, glossy appearance. A. A. Hayes, M.D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes."

Sold by all Druggists, and Dealers in Medicines.

Price One Dollar.

Buckingham's Dye

FOR THE WHISKERS.

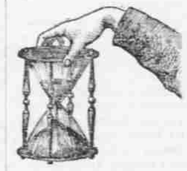
As our Renewer in many cases requires too long a time, and too much care, to restore gray or faded Whiskers, we have prepared this dye, in *one preparation*; which will quickly and effectually accomplish this result. It is easily applied, and produces a color which will neither rub nor wash off. Sold by all Druggists. Price Fifty Cents.

Manufactured by R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N.H.

Ayer's

Cherry Pectoral,

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.



Among the great discoveries of modern science, few are of more real value to mankind than this effectual remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. A long trial of its virtues, throughout this and other countries, has shown that it does surely and effectually control them. The testimony of our best citizens, of all classes, establishes the fact, that CHERRY PECTORAL will and does relieve and cure the afflicting disorders of the Throat and Lungs beyond any other medicine. The most dangerous affections of the Pulmonary Organs yield to its power; and cases of **Consumption**, cured by this preparation, are publicly known, so remarkable as to be believed, were they not proven beyond dispute. As a remedy it is adequate, on which the public may rely for full protection. By curing **Coughs**, the forerunners of more serious disease, it saves unnumbered lives, and an amount of suffering not to be computed. It challenges trial, and convinces the most sceptical. Every family should keep it on hand as a protection against the early and unperceived attack of Pulmonary Affections, which are easily met at first, but which become incurable, and too often fatal, if neglected. Tender lungs need this defence, and it is unwise to be without it. As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of childhood, CHERRY PECTORAL is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued from premature graves, and saved to the love and affection centred on them. It acts speedily and surely against ordinary colds, securing sound and health-restoring sleep. No one will suffer troublesome **Influenza** and painful **Bronchitis**, when they know how easily they can be cured.

Originally the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, no cost or toil is spared in making every bottle in the utmost possible perfection, and it may be confidently relied upon as possessing all the virtues it has ever exhibited, and capable of producing cures as memorable as the greatest it has ever effected.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

EBENSBURG

DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.;

CIGARS AND TOBACCOS,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.